

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JANUARY 14, 1957

a Time Inc. weekly publication

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\$7.50 A YEAR

**WESTERN SKIING
THE SALT LAKE AREA**

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

**WHERE TO FIND
PIRATE TREASURE**

**THE BOXING RECORD
OF JULIUS HELFAND**



Relax with the *Light* refreshment

WHAT fun an evening by the fire can be with today's relaxed people. They're at ease about so many things—even keeping slim. Their modern taste for lighter, less-filling food and drink lets them show a good figure every time.

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Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling

"ENTHUSIACTIVE"

All through 1955 and 1956, you've heard me say in these memos that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a publishing invention that reflects a completely new way of living. Thus it has called for many completely new techniques in editing and merchandising.

And for the same reason, it seems to call for a new vocabulary to describe itself and its readers to you in the advertising business. Faced with this problem, a young copywriter at Young & Rubicam has just coined a new adjective for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED-reading families -- "enthusiactive."

Frankly, we think "enthusiactive" is a wonderful addition to the wonderful world of words, and we plan to use it a lot from now on. In fact we can think of no better way to describe the special new audience that reads SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, for all the research anybody has done shows that their hallmark is enthusiastic activity.

They are enthusiastic, not only about the magazine itself, but also about all the good things of life, and the products and services that make the good life better. And since enthusiasm is apt to be contagious, they have an influence on the American Market far out of proportion to their numbers.

They are active too, not only in sports, but in every other aspect of life . . . in business and in community affairs. And as we have pointed out so often in these memos, they are active in going out and buying the products that appeal to them.

We have called them "the best group of consumer families ever assembled by a magazine." The only problem for advertisers is to catch these enthusiastic people standing still -- and this is what SPORTS ILLUSTRATED does 52 weeks a year.

Bill Holman

William W. Holman
Advertising Director

P.S. Just in case "enthusiactive" is not a word that appeals to you, we listed some of the other nouns, adjectives, and phrases that seem to describe these 660,000 very important families on the back of this insert. Whichever one you choose, you can't go wrong if you decide to sell to them in the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Bud Palmer went for a ride... ..then he used Vitalis



Next time you turn on a Bud Palmer TV spot, notice how great his hair looks with new Vitalis.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

LAST WEEK Assistant Publisher Dick Neale handed me the following note: "As you know, I've been living with the Hungarian and Rumanian Olympic athletes since they have been in America, and I thought that some of our readers would get the same kind of personal reward from knowing them that I have. How about running a special MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER called 'Scouting Report on Future Americans'?"

"This would give our readers an opportunity to send along to you any job and college offers which they may know of. This week the group is starting its six-week nationwide freedom tour. Many SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers can therefore look forward to meeting these fine athletes in person very shortly."

A good idea. The "scouting report" follows.

Harry Phillips



ANDREEA BODO

22. Gymnast, U.S. goal to start gym school for children with Marge Kowalski.



JANOS BODO

18. Water poloist, Five-star hockey player. U.S. goal study of medicine.



JOSEPH DEUTSCH

24. Water poloist. U.S. goal: college, then a job on stock exchange.



GYULA FOGAY

19. Swimmer. U.S. goal: first college, then into construction business.



ARPAÐ DOMJAN

22. Water poloist. Studied law. U.S. goal: architecture, ceramics or law.



LEHA DOMOKRY

20. Fencer, Hungary's best fencerwoman. Speaks English. U.S. goal: textile design.



JANOS GEREFFY

36. Swimming coach. Can speak German, French, Italian. U.S. goal: to coach.



JOSEPH GERLACH

18. Diver. U.S. goal: work as small machines mechanic, go to 1960 Olympics.



ODOS GROB

41. Swimming coach. U.S. goal: to coach, apply his new backstroke style.



OLGA GYARMATY

22. Sprinter, jumper. Office clerk. U.S. goal to learn this country and English.



JENO HAMORI

25. Fencer, Chemical engineer. U.S. goal: enter plastics field and continue fencing.



ISTVAN HERBER

24. Canoeist, Electrical technician. U.S. goal: college to study electronics.

**ZOLTAN HOROSZKOVICH**

23. Water poloist. High school graduate. U.S. goal college, television career and lunch to loving parents here.

**MIHÁLY BILIOI**

48. Track coach. His runners have set almost 20 world records. U.S. goal coaching in Florida or California.

**G. JEKELFALENSZT-PILLER**

27. Fencing coach. Twice world sabre champion. U.S. goal to start fencing school, bring family, now in Vienna, here.

**LÁSZLÓ JENEI**

33. Hungarian water polo team captain. Amateur photographer. U.S. goal to stimulate water polo here as college coach.

**GYÖRGY KÁRPÁTI**

21. Water poloist. Was studying law at University of Budapest. U.S. goal: continue law studies, play more water polo.

**ATTILA KERESZTES**

25. Fencer. Has Hungarian certificate in mechanical engineering. Wife in Vienna. U.S. goal: mechanical engineering.

**MARGIT KORONDI**

24. Gymnast. Began training at age of three. U.S. goal: to form gym school in this country with Teammate Andrea Boda.

**DÁVID MAGYAR**

24. Fencer. University chemistry student. U.S. goal: continue college studies and become chemical engineer.

**KÁROLY MAGYAR**

20. Summer basketball champion. Defers administration work in Hungary. U.S. goal: college education.

**MIKLÓS MARTEN**

25. Water poloist. Art history student who speaks some English. U.S. goal: go to college, marry fiancée now in Vienna.

**KÁROLY NÁDORI**

34. Chief of Staff, Hungarian Sports Ministry. Speaks English, Dutch, French. U.S. goal: to teach physical education.

**GÁBOR NAGY**

24. Water poloist. Plays ice hockey. U.S. goal: to attend American college, take a course in engineering.

Baby! it's cold outside



wear
Duofold

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SPORTS UNDERWEAR

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inner layer
for
Comfort



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Should mention Duofold shirt and long (U.S. Olympic Ski Team selections in 1952 and 1956) are available for men, women, boys and girls in Soft Valley Red or White. Union suits in Soft Valley Red or White for men and boys. Now—smartly colored Duofold in striking polyester-mix colors. Outdoor girls look good!



CHOICE OF
OLYMPIC
CHAMPIONS



Sportswear ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHER'S MEMO continued



MARTHA NAGY

19. Gymnast. Youngest member of Hungarian gym team. Skier, skier, pianist. U.S. goal to complete schooling here.

BALANT PAPP

35. Diving coach. Speaks German and Russian. U.S. goal to combine work as coach with sports photography.



BELA HERBER II

30. Fencer and lawyer. Speaks fluent English, five other languages. U.S. goal: job in insurer or as fencing coach.

JOSEFF SAKOVITS

29. Fencer and army sports officer. Speaks fluent French. U.S. goal: college work toward degree in engineering.



FERENC SIAK

28. Diver. Rower. 1953 Hungarian high diving champion. Also boxer and athlete. U.S. goal to teach gymnastics.

IRINSZYMA SZEKELY

35. Swimmer. Accounting clerk for mattress manufacturer. U.S. goal to continue her schooling and her swimming.



KATO SZEKELY

21. Swimmer, free-style and backstroke. U.S. goal: job in technical end of television after she learns English.

LANZLO TABORI

24. Runner. Sub-four-minute mile who runs K of C two-mile in Boston Jan. 14th. U.S. goal to run enter shoe business.



ATTILA TANACH

27. Gymnast. University electrical engineering student. U.S. goal to study engineering in Los Angeles area.

DR. JULIAN TOROK

57. Rowing coach. Supreme court judge and lawyer who lost judgeship for anti-Rosset decisions. U.S. goal: coach at college.



ERVIN ZADOR

21. Water Polioist. Bloodied in match with Russia. Outstanding college student. U.S. goal to bring family over here.

ROBERT ZIMONYI

38. Rowing coxswain. U.S. goal to get job as soon as possible, learn freerider in America, go home when Hungary is free.



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12.95



*White Stag can match any style for golf, too!

WHITE STAG MFG. CO.
PORTLAND, OREGON



COVER: UTAH SKIERS
Photograph by Joern Gerdtz

Advertisements on page 49

Jumping clear of the packed surface of an open slope at Alta, Wes and Betty Lou Sine take a run through the deep snow that is drawing more and more skiers to the famous Utah resort. For a complete vacationer's ski guide to Alta and the neighboring runs at Brighton, see page 25.

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LAST SECONDS OF A CHAMPION—SUGAR RAY LOSES TITLE

The middleweight title, which he had won three times, passes dramatically from Sugar Ray Robinson to Gene Fullmer

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Summing up a great season, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED visits two exclusive clubs in the Mississippi Flyway

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DEEP POWDER IN UTAH

A full report in words and pictures on the Alta-Brighton area near Salt Lake City, one of the world's great skiing grounds. EZRA BOWEN provides the information, JOERN GERDTZ the photographs, with five pages IN COLOR

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After two years in office, New York's boxing commission chairman has won most rounds, leads on points. By MARTIN KANE

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When the New Year's Day smoke had cleared, college football's four final decisions were in, and while the scribes argued the players danced. A report from Pasadena by JAMES MURRAY, plus words and pictures from the other bowls

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It's real, it's there, from Mexico through the Caribbean. A.B.C. WHEFFLE presents a guide to legendary riches, plus a FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN's introduction to the Caribbean capital, Havana, by HORACE SUTTON

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ONE MAN'S DREAM: THE YAWL 'CAPRICE'

A closeup in color, inside-and-out plans of the cruising boat a sailor built for himself and his family

GOING HOME WITH RON DELANY

Gerald Holland goes home with the winner of the Olympic mile and tells how Dublin welcomed its new hero



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HOTBOX

The Question:

Should there be a height limit on basketball players?



JOHNNY JORGAN

*Basketball coach
Notre Dame*



Yes, and I mean yes. I'm not like some others who say limit the size until they get a big man. There can't be more than 30 top-notch players 6 feet 8 inches or over. They're putting a million kids under 6 feet out of action because basketball is one game where one man can win for you.

W. H. SHUPERT

*Philosophy
Western coach*



It's unfair to bar anyone, but height has gone to a ridiculous extreme. Many fans have lost interest. The game should be changed to take away the tall man's advantage by raising the basket and eliminating the backboard. Also by establishing a zone from which shots can't be made.

HARRY E. HUMPHREYS JR.

*President
U.S. Rubber Co.*



No. How could a basketball coach justify barring a student merely because of his height? Any competitive game should be played by those who can play it best. Why not move the baskets higher? How much higher would depend on the experts. The present height isn't mandatory.

HOWARD CANN

*Basketball coach
New York University*



No, but I'd go for raising the basket to 12 or 13 feet. The present height of 10 feet was only a convenience when the game was invented at Springfield College by Dr. James Naismith. A higher basket wouldn't hurt the smaller men, but it would lessen the value of the seven-footers.

FRANK MCGUIRE

*Basketball coach
University of North Carolina*



No. It's true that we've gone overboard for big men, but every coach realizes that he can have a better team with a six-footer that

I like to call a quarterback. The ideal team is three big men for the rebounds and two smaller players. The St. Louis Hawks proved that when they got Slater Martin.

EDMUND L. ZALINSKI

*Vice-president
Sales Administration
John Hancock Mutual*



We'd have a better and more interesting game with a height limit. Basketball then would become a much greater test of individual skill and teamwork. Now, a team of smaller men playing against a team with three or four big fellows can't possibly show to advantage.

TAPS GALLAGHER

*Basketball coach
Niagara University*



It's as unfair to discriminate against the big man as it is not using the small man. However, some of the big fellows can't get out of their own way, while smaller men have speed and drive. Putting the basket out six inches farther to stop tap-ins would lessen the big man's advantage.

NED IRISH

*Executive vice-president,
Madison Square Garden Corp.*



No. Basketball is the only sport where those very tall players can compete freely with players less than 6 feet 5 inches. Smaller men

are not really discriminated against because they can compete in sports that are not suitable for these basketball giants. No limit should be set.

ARTHUR WILKINS

*Assistant basketball
coach, Iowa College*



Certainly. The tall players are taking the game away from smaller men. It's all right to say that you shouldn't discriminate against the big fellows, but how about discriminating against small men? For every tall man who makes a team, many smaller men are barred from competition.

NEXT WEEK:

If the Caribbean countries had a team in the major leagues, how would it do?

LAST SECONDS of a CHAMPION

**Not without honor, Sugar Ray Robinson surrenders his title
to bull-strong Gene Fullmer in a battle of Wit vs. Brawn**

IT WAS THE 15th round. Out of his corner came Sugar Ray Robinson with three minutes to go as middleweight champion of the world. Blood trickled from a deep, inch-long cut over his left eye. It had splashed down onto his white trunks, onto his thigh and shin. His hair, so carefully marcelled in Round One, was a disordered shock. This was a beaten fighter but a champion, too. He proved it during those last seconds.

He was 35 years old by his account, 36 by the record books, 37 by the reckoning of one of his five managers. By any calculation, he was old. Against him now, charging toward him once more as in every previous round, was a young man of 25, the bullnecked, heavy muscled, powerful Gene Fullmer, a welder's apprentice from West Jordan, Utah and, very likely, with more talent for welding than for boxing. Fullmer ended his charge by crashing a right into Robinson's body. Robinson sagged back, as he had done so many times before.

Suddenly the crowd screamed. There were 18,184 fans packed into Madison Square Garden and just about every one of them was howling in admiration. Few fans love Sugar Ray outside the ring but when he is working at his trade it is impossible not to respect him. He is a brave and skillful man. So the crowd howled. For Champion Sugar once more had cut loose with one of his fabulous flurries, a blinding fast combination to Fullmer's tough head, the kind that a few months

before had crashed Bobo Olson to the canvas of a Los Angeles ring.

Fullmer, of course, is no Bobo Olson. With his 17-inch neck and powerful legs he has the durability, perhaps, of a Jake LaMotta and something of the crude insistence of a Rocky Marciano. The hardest punches merely shake him up a little. He has never been knocked out. But the crowd had not yet accepted this truth. It did seem, for a few wonderful seconds which revived memories of more youthful skills, that Sugar Ray's coldly furious combinations might work. His only chance was a knockout. He was trying desperately to achieve it.

He could not do it, of course, least of all after 14 rounds. Fullmer gave ground briefly, then he lunged back. Robinson caught Fullmer with a smashing right to the head, followed it with another, followed that with a right to the body. Everything about those punches reminded one of the young Robinson, whose grace and guile and power had made him welterweight champion and the only man to win the middleweight title three times. Everything, that is, but their effect.

The fight came to a close with Robinson, by some miracle of longevity, still fighting on his toes instead of in an old man's flat-footed stance, his miraculous

continued on page 10

KNOCKDOWN in the seventh round sends Sugar Ray out of the ring in a tableau recalling to ringsiders Bellows' famous *Slap of Sharkey's*.







BOILING TO THE BODY, FULLMER'S RIGHT HAND CLEARLY NURT ROBINSON AND WAS THE BIGGEST WEAPON OF GENE'S FIGHTING STRATEGY

LAST SECONDS OF A CHAMP

continued from page 8

dancer's legs still taking him wherever he wanted to go without ever a sign that age had weakened them. The boxing bromide has it that a fighter's legs abandon him first and his punch goes last. In the case of Sugar Ray Robinson the reverse may well be true.

So the last round ended, with Fullmer so confused that he continued to fight. He didn't hear the bell or see the red lights flash on the ring posts. Referee Ruby Goldstein stepped between the fighters.

It was Sugar Ray's round, last stand of a champion. It was Gene's fight.

It had been a grudge fight, so far as Fullmer was concerned, at times with the flavor of a *Stag at Sharkey's*. There had been moments filled with pure brawling energy as Robinson's defenses caved under the impact of Fullmer's bull-like rushes. The ring ropes couldn't take it. They collapsed. In one wild, sixth-round charge, Fullmer and Robinson tumbled to the canvas and into the ropes, unmooring them. In the

next round Robinson went through the ropes alone, the result of a right-hand smash and a shove. Finesse took a holiday.

The grudge derived in part from the financial terms of the bout, in part from Sugar Ray's refusal to fight on the agreed date (Dec. 12), the 25th postponement of his procrastinating career. He had a virus, he said, and a commission doctor agreed he did, but to the Fullmer camp, which had been predicting for weeks that Robinson would postpone the bout, it was just another slick Easterner's trick. What rankled even more, in Fullmer's highly domesticated mind, was that he was thereby deprived of Christmas with his family. As to the financial side of it, Robinson had insisted on an outrageous split that gave him \$139,050, Fullmer a mere \$20,802.

So Fullmer came into the ring filled with bitter resentment. Normally a clean fighter, though wild, he heeled Robinson a couple of times and threw low ones that seemed more awkward than intentional. Afterward Robinson's multitude of managers screamed

that Fullmer had rabbit-punched, but what they called rabbit punches looked like a feeble imitation of the real thing and were caused largely by Robinson's persistent clinching. A rabbit punch, properly so-called, is a downward, clubbing blow and delivered, for ultimate effectiveness, by the side of the hand applied to the base of the skull. By this definition it is a physical impossibility to inflict one on an upright, clinching opponent. What Robinson suffered from was not rabbit punches but an inability to solve two problems.

The first problem was that throughout the fight Fullmer kept his guard up, gloves protecting each side of his head. This made hooks and crosses ineffective. Jabs were blocked by a simple movement of either glove to the front of the face. Robinson was reduced to uppercutting as Fullmer closed in on him, but these shots were often blocked as Fullmer crisscrossed arms in front of his face. It took several rounds for Robinson to decide that his best opening was a body blow when Fullmer charged him, but even these were sometimes caught on Fullmer's elbows.

While he was puzzling this out, Robinson took to clinching, which gave him his second problem. Even here he was unsuccessful, for Fullmer often managed to keep his right hand free and, while his left was locked under Robinson's elbow, the right pounded Sugar Ray about the head and body.

This pattern of the fight was set by Marv Jensen, who owns a mink ranch and manages Fullmer. He restrained Fullmer from slugging it out toe to toe with Robinson. Instead, he ordered his man to charge in, searing to the body and retreating when not held. This was repeated in every round.

At the same time Robinson was being held back by George Gainford, his oldest manager in point of service. It was not until the ninth round that Sugar Ray rebelled and put on an exhibition of skill and science that revealed he still possesses some of the timing and all the wisdom he once had. Those rights to the head during the infighting obviously had angered him.

Suddenly he drove a stinging left to Fullmer's body. Fullmer responded, as always, with another attack, but Sugar Ray countered this one. The counter opened up Fullmer for an instant and, in a flash, Robinson threw a solid right to the jaw followed by a crashing left hook. He drove Fullmer back but, as the bell rang, the unfazed Fullmer had fought away from the ropes and was forcing Robinson into retreat.

Robinson won perhaps three rounds thereafter, a couple of them by wide margins, but to pace himself for sustenance in the final rounds he had allowed Fullmer to gain such an early lead that the situation was hopeless.

Fullmer, indeed, had fought the smarter fight against a man renowned for his ring brilliance. It was not the kind of smartness that shows clearly on a TV screen—many TV viewers seemed to think the fight a dull affair, as spectators go, and some even thought Ray had won—but it made the most of Fullmer's simple talents. Gene's camp was aware that Robinson always has had trouble against opponents who do not respond to feints and draws but merely charge and crowd, depending on strength and toughness. Strength and toughness are Fullmer's qualities. He made use of them.

These two will meet again, most likely outdoors in June, though Robinson would prefer an indoor fight in March. Marv Jensen vetoed a March date because that is mink-mating time in Utah. He must be on hand then to supervise pelt-production's early stages. Meanwhile, Jensen is going to be busy

arranging a couple of over-the-weight matches for his charge.

Fullmer will be a strange champion —by the standards of a high-living Robinson. He announced that his next step would be to return to his \$17.56-a-day job at the copper mine in Bingham. In a little while, he explained quite seriously, he will have his union card as a full-fledged welder and then, no longer an apprentice, will be entitled to a journeyman's \$20 a day. The prospect that he will make \$75,000 or

more in his next big fight and could make a quarter of a million dollars quite easily in the next couple of years does not impress him. It is not yet money in the bank.

So passes the brightly lighted Robinson era. It ended in the 15th round, when the plodding tortoise beat the flashy hare once again, as he always does in the fable. Sugar Ray Robinson had thought he was living another kind of fable, which is what the hare always thinks. —MARTIN KANE

BLOOD-SMEARED SUGAR RAY, puzzled by his inability to stave off the indefatigable challenger, wearily awaits another Fullmer charge as his championship wanes.





AN OASIS IN THE GLOOM, CUIVRE CLUB GLOWS THROUGH ITS PICTURE WINDOWS FAR INTO NIGHT

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

DUCK HUNTERS IN PARADISE

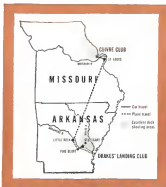
BY VIRGINIA KRAFT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED STEIN

FROM THE sloughs, rivers, marshes, bays and bayous of the nation, hunters are heading homeward this week after one of the most successful duck-shooting seasons in decades. As 1956 moved to a close, waterfowl funneled down the Mississippi Flyway, building to tremendous numbers in the low, lush wintering grounds formed by the great river and its many tributaries, interrupting their journey to linger on the hundreds of feed-filled lakes. Few hunters were more eager—or better prepared—to receive them than the 18 members of Missouri's Cuivre Club. Only 50 miles from St. Louis, in a kind of special super-heaven tucked away in the heaven that this area has come to represent for duck

hunters, these men, business leaders not only of St. Louis but of the nation, foregathered each week at their massive 18-bedroom clubhouse (above), pondering early-morning blind positions, weather forecasts, current census reports. To the south, on a 50-by-

25-mile stretch of rice-rich watery land around Stuttgart in eastern Arkansas, waterfowl crowded in millions to the bayous of the Duck Capital of the World. At Stuttgart's nine-member, 640-acre Drakes' Landing Club, the shooting last week had never been better. How good it was is shown on the following pages, in a unique photographic visit to Drakes' Landing and the Cuivre Club at the closing of a great duck-hunting year.



WHERE RIVERS MEET, DUCKS AROUND



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



MORNING OF HUNT (above) finds members ready at their cars. Here (left to right) are Richard Baldwin, Sreedman-Baldwin Co.; Charles A. Thomas, president, Monsanto Chemical Co.; John H. Crago, Smith, Moore Co.; Henry M. Cook, Newhard, Cook Co.; Russell E. Gardner Jr., Reinholdt Gardner Co.; John H. Hayward, Reinholdt Gardner Co.; J. Wesley McAlvie, president, Union Elec-

tric Co.; Sidney Maestre, chairman, Mercantile Trust Co.; Ira E. Wight Jr., Newhard, Cook Co.; and James H. Grover, retired chairman, St. Louis Union Trust Co. Below, Gardner, Grover, Cook and Crago review day with (left) David Calhoun Jr., president, St. Louis Union Trust Co.; Edwin H. Sreedman, Sreedman-Baldwin Co.; and Tom K. Smith, chairman, Boatmen's Bank.





FLICKERING FIRE warms David R. Calhoun Jr. (above, center) after chilly hour's ride from St. Louis. Comfortably settled on couch in foreground, John Hayward and James Grover relax and speculate on weather conditions for next day's hunt.

AROUND THE POKER TABLE. Edwin Steedman, Tom K. Smith and Grover wait for others to arrive before drawing cards for morning's blind position. Present ranch-type building was completed two years ago after fire destroyed club in 1953.



BEHIND EXCELLENTLY EQUIPPED BAR, CUIVRE

COMFORT IS A KEYNOTE





CLUB PRESIDENT NAHLON B. WALLACE JR. PREPARES THE DRINKS



REFRESHMENTS ARE SPEEDIED FROM DINING BUILDING

A HUNDRED YEARS and four generations have passed since the first St. Louis hunters fought their way up the roily Mississippi to the barren, mud-covered plains near what is now O'Fallon, Mo., and set up camp on the tiny Cuivre River. A superhighway has since replaced the ruts of wagon trails, and a luxurious clubhouse stands where canvas tents once were pitched. Inside, everything is ready for the club members' comfort and convenience. Across

from the clubhouse a staff of cooks prepares dinner in the dining building and sends an immaculately attired butler to announce the hour. In the kennels handlers feed ribbon-winning Labradors, while lights in the tackroom cast shadows on guides oiling guns and readying equipment. In the morning, at their leisure, the hunters will wend their ways to fog-blanketed bluffs scattered across the waters, climbing into sunken olive barrels to wait for the birds.



QUIET RELAXATION is assured in private bedrooms, each one marked with a brass nameplate. Grover, a spry hunter at 83, reads before turning in.



ADJOINING TACKROOM harbors neatly stowed hunting gear. Charles Thomas uses jack to remove boots.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



SCANNING SKIES, Russell Gardner Jr. (foreground) and Richard Baldwin head for blinds in decoy-laden aluminum motor skiff.



BOOST FROM GUIDE helps Gardner (above) climb into sunken blind. Below, with partner Baldwin, he aims at ducks overhead.



APPROACHING DOCK, J. W. McAfee and Sidney Maestre pass by truck and Model A Ford, prized by members for mud-driving.



PROUD DUCK HUNTERS, Ira Wight Jr. (left) and John Crago, pose with the day's limit after successful morning in the blinds.



EVENING ENVELOPS DRAKES' LANDING CLUB, PERCHED HIGH ON A KNOLL IN THE HEART OF STUTTGART'S FLOODED FOREST

DRAKES' LANDING: DUCKS BY THE MILLION

FARTHER SOUTH along the flyway, where the waters of the Arkansas and White rivers irrigate a triangle of rice-rich abundance, the Drakes' Landing Club nestles within a flooded forest. One of the oldest duck clubs in Arkansas, its 640 acres stretch into the heart of the famed Stuttgart hunting area. Twenty-five years ago, when the original nine members carted all facilities from Pine Bluff every weekend, tents were pitched and decoys set for each hunt. Today the club's caretaker sets out the decoys at the beginning of each season in a dozen permanent locations. The brick clubhouse sleeps 18, enabling each member to bring one guest. Only the ducks have been unchanged by progress. By the millions they cover the flood lands with a feathery blanket, luring the hunters into the early dawn.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PREDAWN BREAKFAST is enjoyed by (left) member's son E. Russell Lambert Jr., of Chalmers Plantation; S. Ray West, partner, F. G. Smart Motors; Mrs. West and Dr. E. C. McMullen, for 26

years Drakes' Landing Club president. Walter Tralock Jr., cotton planter and ginnee, sits with other hunters at rear table, as two club cooks dish out bacon and eggs in the little kitchen beyond.



MORNING COMES WITH MISTS AND



WITH WARY PADDLE STROKES, S. Ray West (foreground) and Dr. E. C. McMullen make their way down a channel to the shooting stands.



LURING THE DUCKS, J. W. Bellamy Jr., president, National Bank of Commerce, and Ray West crouch against tree and send out eager calls.

FOOT MINGLES with the ends of night and fingers a procession of flat-bottomed aluminum duck boats as hunters paddle silently away from the Drakos' Landing clubhouse. It is a half hour before sunrise. Anxious eyes search the blackened skies. Impatience makes the journey seem longer and shooting positions farther away. Tangled roots scratch against the bottoms of the boats, growing in the quiet. Lake sentinels guarding a drowned land, the shadows of dead cypress trees cast somber reflections across the inky waters. Among them, pin oaks, rosewoods, overcupps and ocan trees wait for another spring to sprout green leaves again. Clustered on branches everywhere, mistletoe drop waven berries to the pools below and rustle gently with the wind. On the many lakes scattered throughout this watery wood-land, decoys rock softly on the swells. Early morning filters pink through the trees, shifting the shadows as it comes, touching a hunter motionless beside a willow. Overhead, like dark specks in the dawn sky, a flock of ducks goes by. From the recesses of the woods the hunters begin their calls, coaxing the birds with loud, plaintive sounds. Down from the sky they fall, circling, dipping, circling



WADING THROUGH THE SHALLOWS of Hurricane Hole, Walter Trulock Jr. (right) heads home-ward with sons Leo and

MALLARDS

again. The calls change, grow frenzied, more insistent and are answered. Back and forth ducks and hunters talk in excited, guttural conversation. In an ever-narrowing circle the ducks lose altitude, wingbeats audible above the chatter. Then, setting their wings, they push white bellies into the wind and drop toward the decoys below. The shots are loud, rapid. Three mallards plummet to the calm waters, spreading great rings from the places where they strike. In the distance, the remainder of the flight disappears into the sky. A hip-booted hunter walks through knee-deep water to the fallen birds. With twigs he props them up among the decoys and returns to wait beside his tree. At Hurricane Hole, Tin Can, Nine Oaks, or East Taylor other Drakes' Landing members wait, scanning the brightening skies. Some crouch in willow-covered blinds, others under large bushes, still others behind camouflaged boats, breathlessly, thigh-deep in water. By 7:50 almost any morning, the hunters usually have shot their limits and the day's hunt is over. An hour's drive away, in Pine Bluff, they will attend bank meetings, sell automobiles, negotiate cotton sales and treat patients at the opening of a regular business day.



ANSWERING HUNTERS' CALLS. ducks drop from sky into shooting range as S. Ray West swings shotgun to shoulder and prepares to fire.



Walter III after all three bagged limits within 45 minutes of legal shooting hour. Together they look skyward for one last glimpse

of birds before returning to the city. In their wake, decoys bob up and down upon the rippled water, waiting for still another day.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THE BIG EYE LOOKS AWAY • JACKIE ROBINSON NIMBLE TO
THE END • A FLUNK AT HARVARD • THOROUGHBRED RACING'S
WEIGHTS AND MEASURES • CHESS CHAMPIONS FROM CHICAGO

SEE NO EVIL?

THE FRANK picture at the top of the opposite page is not pretty. It shows in brutal clarity the aftermath of an ugly incident in the Sugar Bowl football game. Sadly, this incident will probably serve as memory's peg for a fine game in which Tennessee, a very good football team, lost to Baylor, which had played all year on the narrow border of greatness and crossed over on New Year's Day.

When Baylor fullback Larry Hickman kicked Tennessee's Bruce Burnham in the face, he spoiled forever an afternoon which might have been a satisfying, warm memory. Hickman, a 19-year-old sophomore, gave way briefly under the tremendous pressure of a bowl game; the ethical code of football was not as strong, for a few seconds, as the age-old law of the pack

which says you must protect your own. Burnham was involved in a melee with Baylor players and Hickman answered instinct, not reason. His remorse was quick and deep, and he served an immediate penance on the Baylor bench ("It seemed like I sat there five years"). His wholehearted apology and Burnham's forgiveness were warm grace notes to a sad song.

The incident, unfortunately, was shushed to some extent; squeamish television cameras swung hurriedly away from the action, and the sequence was deleted from official game movies. In closing their eyes (and the eyes of television watchers) to what happened, TV was following an old self-imposed rule, one usually justified on the ground that it "spares the families." This is a shortsighted argument. By swinging its cameras away from Hickman's mistake, his removal from the

game and his subsequent honest penitential dejection on the bench, TV kept from its public some of the truth of this particular game—and of an object lesson of more than particular application. Ignoring such incidents can lend a sort of tacit approval; spotlighting can help weed them out and, incidentally, spare families—and players themselves—the pain of future kicks in the face.

Hockey players have been known to go berserk too, but, as National Hockey League games went out on a national network for the first time last week, there were no blinders on the cameras; TV cameramen were instructed there was to be no censorship. This is as it should be.

ROBINSON STEALS HOME

ONE of the characteristics that marked Jackie Robinson as an unforgettable baseball player was his Sense of Presence, of knowing precisely what to do in crises, especially in the face of a surprising or unexpected or dramatic turn of events. It was part of his nature as the first Negro ballplayer in the major leagues to be constantly on the alert, to be continually thinking about the next step, the next out, the future.

This is probably as much the reason as any other why his decision to retire from baseball was splashed in banner headlines across the sports pages of the country. Robinson had quietly made plans to retire, had arranged through a trusted friend for a lucrative and satisfying job. He had also agreed, in exchange for a considerable sum of money, to give the exclusive story of his retirement, when it occurred, to *Look* magazine. Up to this point it

continued on page 22

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Reds on the green

Latest diplomatic intelligence through Paris channels: Dmitri Shepilov, Soviet Foreign Minister, has instructed all Russian diplomats abroad to behave like other diplomats abroad—learn to play golf.

• Sebring Fever

Jimmy Bryan, No. 1 U.S. big car driver, is the latest name track racer to get road racing fever; he has entered the Sebring (Fla.) 12-hour Grand Prix of Endurance set for March 23. Among Bryan's rivals will be Stirling Moss, Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins of Britain, Carroll Shelby, Phil Hill and Masten Gregory of the U.S.

• One More Chance

While Harvard was dropping Coach Lloyd Jordan after a 2-6 season (see page 22), Notre Dame announced that Terry Brennan, who finished this season with the worst record in Notre Dame history (2-8), would be retained as Irish football coach for at least one more season "upon the recommendation of the faculty board in control of athletics."

• Jerry (The Jolt) Lucas

College basketball coaches are already drooling over the prospect of signing Jerry Lucas, 6-foot 9-inch junior at Middletown, Ohio high school. Lucas, 17, has averaged over 38 points a game for two years, reminds experts of Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain and, to top it all, he is still growing.



TENNESSEE'S BATTERED BRUCE BURNHAM IS CAREFULLY CARRIED OFF FIELD AFTER A KICK IN THE FACE FROM BAYLOR'S LARRY HICKMAN



HICKMAN BOWS HIS HEAD IN DEEP REMORSE



NEXT DAY BURNHAM (LEFT) ACCEPTS HICKMAN'S APOLOGY FOR INCIDENT AT SUGAR BOWL

continued from page 20

was a relatively simple arrangement.

But on the very day he signed a contract with the Chock Full O' Nuts restaurant company to serve as vice-president in charge of personnel, he learned from E. J. (Buzzy) Bavasi, vice-president of the Brooklyn Dodgers in charge of personnel, that he had been traded to the New York Giants.

This was an unexpected and tantalizing turn of events: first, because he was committed to retirement from baseball; and, second, because he was committed to sell the story of his retirement on an exclusive basis. If he told Bavasi, who is not widely known for tactfulness, that he was going to announce his retirement in three weeks, he would very conceivably destroy the exclusiveness of a story he had been paid for. As a matter of fact, the story was in the process of being written.

The same held true when he spoke to Horace Stoneham, president of the New York Giants, though he did give Stoneham enough reservations about his chances of playing that Stoneham cautioned a Florida newspaperman a few days later: "Jack hasn't said he would play with us, but he promised to give us a definite answer sometime around January 10"—or just about when his magazine article would hit the stands.

As late as last Saturday in California, Jackie was cautious. Asked about Willie Mays (who had been effusively optimistic about the aid and assistance he expected to get from Jackie as a teammate), Robinson avoided direct comment by stating: "The only thing I can say is that I'm very flattered that Willie Mays should even think I can help him. . . . Willie is a very intelligent baseball player and I don't think he can be helped by talking to me. . . ."

So there was Robby, trapped off third, jockeying back and forth between the announcement of his trade to the Giants, and his signed contract to his new company, with his commitment to the magazine keeping him in the middle, as the ball does in a rindown. He nimbly avoided the tag of publicity until it was time to break for home; when he did, it was, as always, dramatic.

Now there will be tears from disappointed Giant fans (like Horace Stoneham) who had dreams of glory for 1957 and cheers from Dodger fans (like Jack Robinson Jr.) who can resume hating all Giants without reservation.

And there will be criticism of Robinson, even though he did what he had to do, but that's the way it always was, too.

Now it's over. And baseball will miss him in a way it has missed only a few, the nonpareils, the Ruths, the Cobbs, the Mattys.

BAD MARKS ON SATURDAY

AS FOOTBALL DIED its usual lingering death last week, another coach was added to the discards which litter the end of every season. Lloyd Jordan, who has directed Harvard's football teams for 7 years, was added to a list which includes Ed Price of Texas and Chalmers E. Woodard of Southern Methodist. In explaining why Jordan was through, the Harvard athletic director, Tom Bolles, added a phrase to football's vocabulary of discontent. Jordan, said Bolles, was fired because of "teaching failure." Since Harvard has won 24, lost 31, tied 2 under Jordan's tutelage and this year won only 2 of 8 games, his teaching failure was fairly obvious and would have probably resulted in dismissal at nearly any major college. But the sore point at Harvard was not so much Jordan's won-lost record as the manner in which he compiled it. A graduate of the old Pop Warner



single-wing school at Pittsburgh, Jordan stuck doggedly to the single wing. Said one disgruntled alumnus: "This year he had a great T-formation backfield, but he stuck to his single wing. . . . It was the most boring, the most uninteresting, the most elementary single wing that you can play." Harvard coaches are graded not only by alumni—as are all coaches—but by the team captain and the student manager at the end of each season. Jordan got failing marks all around. But, finally, Jordan's failing marks were the same as Price and Woodard turned in—more losses than victories.

WEIGHTS FOR 1957

ONE OF THE EARLIEST things a Thoroughbred horse has to remember is that January 1 is his birthday. Owners of the previous season's 2-year-olds know this perfectly well, of course, but most of them look forward to the first of the year for a special omen which for over 20 years has raised the curtain on

the annual drama of the 3-year-olds. The omen, for some bright, for others hopeful and for still others gloomy: publication by The Jockey Club's official handicapper of his Experimental Free Handicap weights. In the official language of turfdom, the weights represent the handicapper's gauge of the 3-year-old potential of the previous season's juveniles, based on their overall first-year performances. In plainer language, the list represents the personal opinion of a thoroughly knowledgeable burlesque (for the last three years it has been Jimmy Kilroe and before him John B. Campbell) as to which horses have the best chance of



winning such coming center-stage attractions as the Santa Anita Derby, Flamingo, Florida Derby, Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont.

Jimmy Kilroe's list released this week shows no startling surprises. All alone at the top of the list with a high weight of 126 pounds is Calumet Farm's Barbizon, son of Polynesian out of a Bull Lea mare, winner of the fabulously rich Garden State last fall.

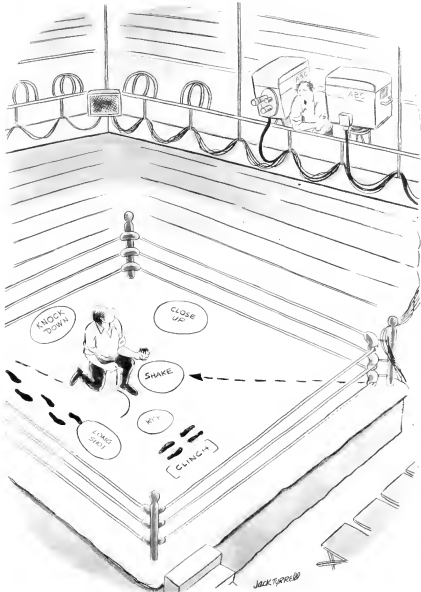
Bracketed at 125 pounds are Bold Ruler, the temperamental son of Nasrullah, and Federal Hill, a colt who gained more than average distinction when he handed Barbizon the only defeat of his career.

In Kilroe's next group of four, all at 122 pounds, are Amarullah (another Nasrullah with evident stamina), Amehavay, a son of Ambiorix who looked sensational winning the Remsen, the Chicago champion, Greek Game, and Florida's King Hainan.

Behind the leading favorites come Missile, the late-season winner of the Pimlico Futurity, and then three West Coast challengers, Prince Khaleel, California Kid, Lucky Mel. And behind them 111 other colts and fillies weighted all the way down to 103 pounds.

Owners of the top 10 horses have reason to expect a happy new year, but other owners need not despair. Racing handicappers are just as susceptible to fallibility in prophecy as other kinds of experts. On Jimmy Kilroe's 1954 list there were two sleepers well down the roster: Determine at 117 pounds and the 3-year-old champion, High Gun, at 108. More than halfway down the 1955 list, weighted at 111 pounds, was the biggest sleeper of all: Swaps.

continued on page 24



"I keep telling you, Wilton, this isn't like Studio One—it's all ad lib."

continued from page 22

"PUTTY MEDAL"

THE GREAT British sporting public devotes itself to soccer above all other games whatsoever—and nurses a lingering suspicion that the gentry considers it pishish. So, when the Queen's New Year's honors list made its annual appearance last week and the great Stanley Matthews, 42, a soccer hero who combines in the popular English sports pantheon something of the luster of Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantle, drew only a C.B.E.—and not a knighthood—the cauldrons of opinion boiled over.

"They have given him a *putty* medal," mourned the tabloid *Daily Mirror* in breaking the news to its 4,725,122 readers. "There was a knighthood for Len Hutton (cricket), another for Gordon Richards (horse racing). But Matthews—their equal in his own field—what does he get? He gets a C.B.E., that's what he gets. An honor shared by the late keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, a controller of the Third Programme, the managing director of a lead firm, the catering adviser to the Royal Air Force and the chairman of the Aberdeen local savings committee." After catching breath the *Mirror* and others acknowledged that the C.B.E. had also been awarded last week to Donald Campbell for setting a world speedboat record (81, Oct. 1) and to Roger Bannister, a couple of years back, for running the first sub-four-minute mile.

But this did not take the edge off first disappointment. "An insult to Matthews and to the millions who stand on the terraces to watch Britain's national sport," editorialized Lord Beaverbrook's empire-minded *Daily Express*. "It should be Sir Stan," headlined the Labor *Daily Herald*. "Little boys, as soon as they can talk football, prattle his name as a great figure to look up to; as a superb example of all that is best in playing field competition." The Liberal *Newspaper Chronicle* cried, "Why no knighthood for the greatest and most beloved character on any British sport field?"—and took comfort in a long-range reflection; early in the year the 8-year-old heir to the throne, Prince Charles, tried a little soccer and seemed to like it.

As for Stanley Matthews, C.B.E., he took it all like a perfect knight. "I couldn't be more pleased with anything than I am with this high honor," he said.

THE CHESS BOWL

THERE ARE 90 college chess teams in the U.S., and championship matches have been held regularly since 1892, but the stupendous lack of popular interest in this historic event has long been the most newsworthy fact about it. While a few hundred thousand spectators were assembling for the Rose, Cotton, Sugar and Orange Bowl spectacles, the most recent of these chess classics approached a precedent-breaking climax in Philadelphia with no spectators present, no newspaper coverage, no television broadcasts and no gate receipts whatsoever. The total budget came to \$140. Most of the 36 players paid their own expenses, roomed at the YMCA for \$2.25 a night, ate at the nearest cafeteria—and fairly often didn't eat the customary three meals a day that science recommends for men in strenuous competition.

One reason for the lack of interest is obvious. New York always won. Of the 26 college-team tournaments that have been held since 1922, City College and New York University alone have won 17, Columbia, Brooklyn College and Fordham the others.

Throughout the rest of the country, college chess enthusiasts have come to look upon the metropolis the way chess players in general look upon Russia. "Those guys from New York always stick together," said Mitchell Swigg, a short, energetic physicist from the University of Chicago. "They're always analyzing games and figuring out variations to make each other's games look good." This year Fordham was captained by Anthony Saidy, now a chess master, who led the American team in the international college match in Swe-

den last year. City College had at it first board Arthur Feuerstein, a budding headliner, and at third board Joe Tomargo, who alone outranked most of the players from all other colleges present. William Lombardy of City College, one of the three top-ranking American college chess players, was not even present; it was said that City College would not need him.

But chess is an art, not a game, and like all arts is subject to mysterious visitations of inspiration. One of those now descended on four grateful beginners from the University of Chicago. Not tyros by any means, the Chicago players were nevertheless not suspected of being of the caliber of chess masters; they were present only because their captain, an 18-year-old scholarship winner from San Diego named Robin Kirby, had wangled \$100 from the university authorities for expenses. "We came in second in the West Side division of the Chicago Chess League," said Michael Robinson proudly, "and this year we're tied for first." He introduced Leonard Frankenstein, a tall, solemn, 20-year-old genius from Kansas City: "Same name as the Boris Karloff character," he said, lips compressed like a Chicago gambler in a movie. Grim and relentless, Frankenstein won one critical game in the tournament in eight moves. Chicago took all four of its games against Muhlenberg, won three and drew one against Penn, held City College to two victories, beat Harvard with two wins and one drawn game and then whipped Fordham. Lombardy hurried from New York to take over first board for City College in the semifinal and final rounds but barely avoided defeat himself.

By the finish of the tournament the Chicago players needed shaves, sleep and food, but they had won by the margin of one full game and had ended the myth of New York's invincibility.

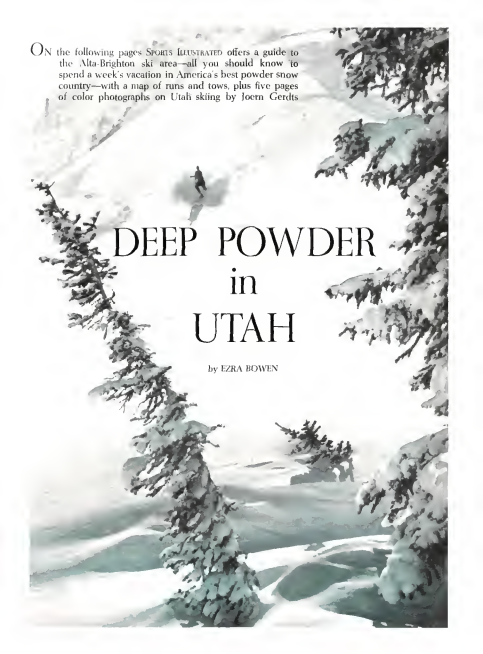
Doubtless the great bowl games were better spectacles. Yet it may not be moralizing too much to point out that there were aspects of the collegiate chess tournament that even bowl game promoters might study with profit. The bowl games provided a conclusion which was final. Baylor, Iowa and the other bowl game winners emerged as better than their immediate opponents, but it was still unclear, and always would be, whether one bowl victor was stronger than another, or which, if any, of the bowl winners was as good as Oklahoma. There was no question about the chess champions: they're University of Chicago.



FOULED UP

The whistle blows, the players hoot—
It's not a foul, they all agree:
And just to make their point they shoot
A basket with the referee.

—ARTHUR WILD



ON the following pages **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** offers a guide to the Alta-Brighton ski area—all you should know to spend a week's vacation in America's best powder snow country—with a map of runs and tows, plus five pages of color photographs on Utah skiing by Joern Gerdts

DEEP POWDER in UTAH

by EZRA BOWEN

YOU SHOULD KNOW...

DRAWINGS BY JAMES CARAWAY



KEYS TO RUNS AND TRAILS

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 WESTWARD MO | 11 EAGLES NEST | 21 GREYLEY BOWL | 31 LITTLE MILLIE |
| 2 WILCAT BOWL | 12 LITTLE RUSTLER | 22 BALDY TRAVERSE | 32 MILLIES FACE |
| 3 WILCAT FACE | 13 PERUVIAN GULCH | 23 TOMESTONE | 33 LONE PINE |
| 4 BEARPAW | 14 BALL ROOM | 24 YELLOW TRAIL | 34 SCREE |
| 5 COLLINS FACE | 15 MAMBO ALLEY | 25 GREEN TRAIL | 35 ZANES HILL |
| 6 NINA, SCHUSS GULLEY | 16 MAIN STREET | 26 BACK DOOR, SPAGHETTI | 36 LOST MAJO |
| 7 MEADOW | 17 RACE COURSE | 27 WAGON ROAD | 37 NABO |
| 8 CORNCREW | 18 SUN SPOT | 28 EVERGREEN | 38 TOTEM OFF |
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if you would like to spend a winter vacation skiing the fast downhill runs and beautiful cross-country trails in Utah's Alta-Brighton area



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THE AREA at Alta, only 26 miles by road from Salt Lake City, is a tight little Alpine complex of three chair lifts, two major rope tows, four lodges, a ski shop, and a U.S. Forest Service Snow Ranger Guard Station wedged into a valley 8,500 feet up in the mountains of the Wasatch National Forest. Nobody really does anything there but ski simply because the snow is so good—the best in the country, according to most experts—that it's silly to waste your time doing anything else. The mountains jutting above the valley are high and steep, and mostly open; and although there are some fine intermediate runs on the upper slopes, Alta has a reputation for being expert's country.

Brighton, where skiers enjoy the same fabulous snow that Alta gets—some 40 feet a year—is just over Twin Lakes Pass from Alta (see map). Automobile distance from Salt Lake: 27 miles. With two chairs, a T bar, rope tow and only one important lodge, Brighton has cleared some gentler slopes and therefore does a bigger business with beginners and intermediates.

How to get there

United Air Lines and Western Air Lines are the major carriers flying into Salt Lake. By rail you can travel Union Pacific, Western Pacific, Southern Pacific and Denver and Rio Grande Western. Once you get to SALT LAKE, you can make a deal with a cab driver for about \$10 to either resort; or call the Salt Lake Transportation Company (Empire 4-4335) and have them drive you for \$7.50.

The season

Alta lifts open the weekend before Thanksgiving, close the first of May. Early birds and diehard spring skiers who don't mind walking can start in early October and keep going until June. Brighton's dates are about the same, although with their flourishing summer sightseeing trade, they usually keep the lift going all year.

The lodges

Last year Alta catered to 80,000 skiers, and the four lodges handled the bulk of the out-of-staters. Brighton logged 145,000 for the season; and although most of them were day visitors from

Salt Lake, the Alpine Rose Lodge had more overnight guests than any of the inns at Alta. With 29 rooms priced from \$7.50 to \$19, the Alpine Rose took in 2,500 customers. Many of these came on the lodge's economical Learn to Ski weeks (seven days' room, board, lift tickets and ski lessons for \$78 to \$88.25). Food in the main dining room is excellent, especially steak and broiled trout. Any skier in a hurry can get a hamburger or soup in the Chalet Room cafeteria, open 8 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Night life is quiet—jukebox dancing, ping-pong—but after seven hours in the deep powder you can't handle much more than that anyway. Only bar alcohol at ski resorts in semi-Prohibition Utah is 3.2 beer, so bring your own bottle (you can buy one in a state liquor store in Salt Lake).

At Alta the lodges are split into two distinct types—the Rustler and Alta lodges, which handle most of the post-college, married, business crowd, and the Peruvian and Snow Pine, where the collegians and high schoolers seem to gravitate. Rates at Rustler run from \$8 for a bunk room to \$28 for a double. Package weeks, \$80 to \$115. Rustler has a pleasant, darkish drinking lounge downstairs, carpets in the living room and an atmosphere with faint Ivy League overtones.

The Alta Lodge—\$7.50 for dormitory up to \$32 for the Tyrolean room—is brightly roomy with a pleasant, breezy feeling is about the same. The party usually breaks up at a sensible hour, say about 11 or 11:30. Entertainment is homemade, mostly folk dancing, comfortable drinking in sweaters and ski pants, singing if anybody has a guitar. Meals here and at Rustler are good but there is no menu, i.e., everybody eats the same thing. Tip: if you forget to buy a bottle in Salt Lake, the Alta Lodge is the only licensed liquor dealer in the area. Incidentally, the Alta Lodge also has Learn to Ski weeks running from \$78 to \$121. Peruvian Lodge rates are lower, from \$6 for a dormitory (bring your own bed roll) to \$16 for a conventional double. Learn to Ski weeks, \$70.30 to \$98.30. Upstairs lounge and bar has jukebox dancing in the evenings, beer at the bar. Snow Pine is mostly a weekend place, with dorm rooms renting for \$6 a

continued on next page

POWDER SNOW

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night. Private rooms are available for \$10 and, as with all lodges at Alta and Brighton, rates are American plan.

Lifts and runs

At Alta, the Collins single chair takes skiers the first big step up the mountain. Starting from the valley floor it rises 780 vertical feet on a 2,750-foot cable. Rides cost 50¢ apiece, \$3.50 for a day pass. Collins lift services Low Rustler (gentle intermediate run), Corkscrew (intermediate), Nana Curve (steep and narrow—experts only), Schuss Gulley (easier but still expert), Collins Face (tough, bumpy intermediate), Bearpaw (steep, and deep powder—expert), Wildcat (same as Bearpaw) and Westward Ho (steep, deep and through the trees).

Running up to Peruvian Ridge from the head of the Collins lift is the Collins service rope tow. This opens upper Bearpaw (a real cliff), Wildcat Bowl (not quite so bad but snow bunnies stay away) and upper Westward Ho (more powder for the experts). Straight ahead as you get off the Collins lift is the Germania double chair, rising 1,010 feet over a distance of three-quarters of a mile. Cost of rides is the same as Collins. Germania services Eagles Nest (nothing but trees until the trail widens into a chute halfway down—helpful expert's country), High Rustler (possibly the scariest-looking run in the West—a three-quarter-mile chute with 40° slope, no trees and frequent avalanches), Greeley Bowl (open slopes, steep at top but a nice challenge for intermediates), Gunsight (narrow, steep, and best in spring when snow settles), Yellow Trail (a little steep at the top, but intermediates thrive on it), Green Trail (long and rolling, fine for novices), Sun Spot (open, good for intermediates but likely to avalanche after a storm), Race Course (steep at the top but a nice intermediate runout through the woods at the bottom), Mambo Alley (long and easy), Main Street (long and good for lower intermediates), Bull Room (same as Main Street) and Tombstone (springtime only, top expert).

Rustler Chair—open weekends only—gives beginners a 1,000-foot ride up the open slope on Little Rustler. Cost is 20¢ a ride, 10 rides \$1.80.

At Brighton the 3,700-foot Mount Majestic double chair rises 750 feet, carries skiers at 50¢ a single ride, day pass \$2.50. It services Totem Off, Lost Maud, Mambo and Zanes Hill, all easy,



SALT LAKE SKI COUNTRY includes 10 separate areas within 125 miles of city. Best skiing is at Alta, Brighton.

open slopes for novices. The Majestic T bar rises 500 vertical feet up the same hill, costs 20¢ per ride, day pass \$2.10, and feeds into Zanes Hill and Lost Maud. The Majestic rope is 400 feet long, costs a nickel a ride, or all day for \$1.10.

The Millicent single chair (4,000 feet long) climbs 1,200 feet into some good expert's country and a variety of lower intermediate runs. Cost of a single ride is 50¢, day pass \$2.75 weekdays, \$3.25 weekends and holidays. Toughest runs off the Millicent chair are Milles Face (rugged headwall), Serree and Lone Pine (a little easier), Little Milhe (shorter, but still for experts), Devils Dip (narrow, but a good intermediate can handle), Backbone (fine intermediate slope), Back Door (lower intermediate), Spaghetti (high intermediate, with a couple of sticky places just under Twin Lakes dam), Evergreen (intermediate hut fun for experts, with rolling terrain through trees) and Wagon Road (same as Evergreen).

Cross-country trails

Most popular trail from Alta, largely because it requires only a 400-foot climb, is the Baldy Traverse into Peruvian Gulch (advanced intermediates can handle this one, but check with the Snow Rangers for avalanche danger before you go out). Easiest trail to ski is the Twin Lakes route to Brighton (1,400-foot climb and simple downhill skiing). Coming back, take Catherine Pass and swing down into the rolling

powder in the Albion Basin. Possibly the most rugged trail in the area is the one over Cardiff Pass. Don't go on this one without a guide (avalanche danger in the pass and some rather vertical skiing down the other side). American Fork Pass, Dry Creek and Majestic Pass aren't particularly hard, but they're long, and you either have to walk back or take a long cable ride home. Park City trail out the Salt Lake road from Brighton, then up over Scotts Pass, is about the same—fun, but a long walk back.

Ski schools

The Alta Ski School, one of the best in the country on deep powder, is run by Alf Engen, U.S. Olympic ski coach in 1948. Beginners are well taught, but intermediates and experts really flourish in this school. The classes are small, move along fast, and you learn a fascinating, rhythmic technique for fast, deep-snow skiing. All instructors are serious pros, certified by the Inter-mountain Ski Association. Class lessons cost \$2.50 for two hours, private cost \$7.50 per hour.

The Brighton School, run by K. Smith, puts its emphasis more on beginners, with less on advanced and expert techniques. However, the school can, when called upon, do a fine job in turning out experts. Lessons at Brighton cost \$2 for class, \$6 private.

Equipment and clothing

The best skis for Alta-Brighton's powder are Heads, Harts, Attenhofers, Dynaglas and the more flexible wood skis. Release bindings are an absolute must, with the Deep Powder shop at Alta and the House of Edelweiss at Brighton doing their heaviest trade in Cubeca and Millers. Quilted parkas are best to keep out the high-altitude cold. Also be sure to bring plenty of sweaters and long underwear. A last word: when you come, leave the chic after-ski outfit back home. Alta-Brighton is a place where people ski a lot, drink a little, and dress for warmth and comfort.

FAST TURN IN FRESH POWDER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN CROFTS

Her red nylon parka standing out brilliantly against a fresh fall of deep powder snow at Brighton, Ski Patrolman Ronnie Youngberg (right) swings down through the evergreens on Mount Millicent. Turn page for more color photographs on Salt Lake skiing.







SNOW BUNNIES Sue Sheffield (not grown) and Annette Christopherson (wearing Sue's skis) started in the *Deseret News-Telegram* ski school, are now regulars at Little Mountain.

SKI SCHOOL MOB of 360 pupils from the Salt Lake County Recreation Department's free ski school swarm onto beginners' slope to get in extra practice at bottom of Zane Hill.



FATHERLY BOOST up one of Little Mountain's two parallel rope tows is provided by Dave Rewick, a Salt Lake public accountant and avid skier, to his daughter Kathy, age 9.



ACROSS FROM MT. BALDY'S SKI-MARKED SLOPES, A LONE SKIER STIRS UP A CLOUD OF FRESH POWDER AS SHE



SKIMS BENEATH A CORNICE OF SNOW IN CAIRIFF PASS ON HER RUN DOWN TOWARD THE MAIN PARKING LOT



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THE BOXING RECORD OF JULIUS HELFAND

by MARTIN KANE

A tough boxing commission chairman has proved, in just two years, that he could win clean sport for New York State and inspire other states as well

IT IS TWO YEARS since Julius Helfand was tapped by New York's Governor Averell Harriman to preside over boxing's skull and bones as they whiten in the television desert. Until then Helfand had been a man of local reputation, known as a vigorous prosecutor of such simple delinquents as bribe-taking cops and cop-bribing racketeers. Since then, turning his investigative talents to a more subtle and devious world than even Brooklyn bookies know, he has become a national figure of justice and anger who has smitten boxing's unworthies hip and thigh. Only his name is unchanged among the innocents of Stillman's Gym. They still pronounce it "Heflun."

The governor gave him, as they say, a challenging assignment. As chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission he was charged with maintaining—really creating—standards of probity in boxing and wrestling.

Now, so far as professional wrestling is concerned, no athletic commission since 1930 has bothered its pretty head about probity, and Helfand's has been no different. There is common consent that the job is impossible. At the time of Helfand's appointment a similar defeatism was settling over boxing. History was against him. Since the sport began the more spectacular hangers-on of boxing have been rascals, true adepts at circumventing commissions.

Willie (The Beard) Gilzenberg, shuffling along West 45th Street, chuckled through a snuffle. "What can Helfand do?" he asked. Willie, then a successful director of boxing at St. Nicholas Arena, is now doing business in New Jersey, having abandoned hope that he can do business in New York.

Willie pretty well summed up the situation at the time, though. Except

in rare states like Minnesota, where boxing no longer is a major sport, the boxing commissions were little known and little respected. At best, the state commissions seemed merely ineffectual. At worst they seemed culpably unaware of obvious crookedness. The average commission seemed interested chiefly in attracting fights to pay taxes to pay commission salaries.

But when Helfand began his crusade some few governors were awakened to the situation and some few commissioners took heart. The face of boxing began to change, very much for the better. Willie Gilzenberg was one

of the first to leave New York for states where the rules are less strict, but others have left town, too.

Not, however, without having had their noses rubbed in the hard-to-accept fact that Helfand meant business. He was one of the few commission chairmen since Jim Farley to take the job with serious intent. He is surely the first, since Farley instituted the no-foul rule, to throw confusion into the ranks of boxing's crooks.

The difficulties of Helfand's task were much more apparent than the possibilities. The commission he took

continued on next page



JAMES D. NORRIS, the big man of boxing promotion, underlines the commissioner's first major victory by declaring himself on Helfand's side against the Guilt monopoly.

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over had been hantooded by as audacious a group as was ever given to casual perjury, tyranny and subordination of victory. This has been a way of life in boxing for many years.

Helfand was confronted by a three-headed monopoly—the International Boxing Club, James D. Norris, president, Frankie Carbo (mobster), and the local chapter of the International Boxing Guild, a managers' cartel ruled by a small clique that intended in time to take over all boxing everywhere.

As the new chairman drew a chair up to his new desk, he was advised that fixed fights were fairly common and uncommonly difficult to prove. More frequent and more obvious were mismatches, especially where a fake build-up was needed to develop fighters of promising television personality. Some TV fighters were successful for the same reason that some TV announcers were. They looked neat and clean. All that was needed was to provide them with winning ways. This was done.

FRIENDLY PERSUASION

It was easy to do because the fight manager could not make money unless he got fights for his stable. The simplest way to get fights was to be complainant about principle and, if necessary, make deals with powerful figures both behind and in front of the scenes. To get fights in New York an out-of-town manager had to make "voluntary contributions" to the Guild. An independent (small, that is promoter, in order to get fighters for his shows, would do better if he "cooperated" with the Guild. Ray Arcel, an independent who had been lead-piped in Boston, cooperated to the extent of \$17,000 in the form of absurd advertising in an absurd Guild publication.

The Guild had a rather special understanding with St. Nicholas Arena, the closest there is to a Madison Square Garden rival in New York. At that time St. Nick fights were promoted, ostensibly, by Tex Sullivan and Willie Gilsenberg, but it was quite well known that they were operating in the best interests of leading Guildsmen. The Guild was curiously generous to St. Nick's, quite harsh with the rival Eastern Parkway Arena. Eastern Parkway soon went out of business.

All this was regarded in Guild circles as no more sinful than monopolistic practice and the exaction of head taxes from simple tourists, but, on a lower level than the Guild, boxing was



BABE MCCOY with egar and flanked by **JAKE KSHIFICH**, had matchmaker's license suspended for life in California.



FRANK CARBO, undercover manipulator of fighters, caught in soulful pose in 1942 during trial for murder with Bugsy Siegel.

suffering from an unblinking blight. It was well known that Frankie Carbo, a Murder, Inc. mobster with four homicide raps on his record, had a seemingly magical ability to advance even mediocre fighters from nowhere to somewhere, sometimes even into a championship. But before Carbo would make a fighter his protégé he exacted a price: an undercover piece of the fighter's contract and a willingness on the fighter's part to "do business," to agree to lose from time to time on Carbo's demand.

Third, but by no means least, in the monopoly triangle was the IBC. The IBC is, essentially, in the business of selling package deals to television, the packages consisting of main event fights and sometimes championship fights. It pretty much controls big-time boxing from this standpoint and, all by itself, it is in a position to do more to clean up boxing than 10 state commissions. Enlightened corporations would regard such an opportunity as a splendid chance to brighten public relations, but the IBC, with a \$2 million annual TV-income stake in boxing's gold mine, never made so much as a tentative gesture in that direction. Not, at least, until Helfand forced the issue. On the contrary, it dealt quite openly with both the Guild and with Carbo fronts.

This was the situation in January, 1955 when Helfand moved into the athletic commission's offices above the Hotel Edison in Manhattan. At that time Helfand knew virtually nothing about boxing, having devoted himself

chiefly to golf, the Dodgers and an occasional foray at the track. Before he came to power the accepted standards of the past required only that a commission chairman have two sides to his mouth. Out of one side he was required to denounce boxing's more apparent evils. Out of the other side he was expected to gloss them.

Helfand turned out to be a very poor glozer, though he began his chairmanship with disturbing statements of humility and ignorance and a true-born commissioner's avowal that he would study the situation. After a while, though, his voice took on its normal timbre, which is that of a coon hound crying havoc in the night.

THE GROUNDED WELTERWEIGHT

It took him about five months to find his voice. In May he suddenly began public hearings on assorted but, as it turned out, related matters—the Guild, the extent of mob influence in boxing and the grounding of Vince Martinez, welterweight.

Martinez, having broken off relations with his manager, Honest Bill Daly, Guild treasurer, could not get a fight. Legally he was free, but other managers, Guild members or not, sided with Daly. The Martinez-Daly contract had expired, but by managerial mores no fighter is free until his manager has released him. Managers would not let their boys fight Martinez and thus give a dangerous renegade a pay night. Martinez appealed to the IBC, which reported from time to time that it was trying, really trying, but could

DIRTY BUSINESS UPSET THESE CONTROLLING FIGURES



BLINKY PALERMO, unfrocked manager, still manages Welterweight Challenger Johnny Saxton, still "whacks up" purses.



WILLIE GILZENBERG (The Beard), defiant pawn of the Guild, has left New York for the more relaxed air of New Jersey.



HONEST BILL DALY, Guild treasurer, and Murray (The Genius) Frank, counsel, enjoy premature wit at Helfand's expense.

get nowhere with the managerial clan. Independent promoters outside the state at first agreed to put on Martinez fights, then backed down. Couldn't find an opponent, they said. Martinez appealed to Helfand.

Helfand put the facts on the record and next month the IBC did get Martinez a fight in Syracuse. But then starvation set in, and in October he signed a five-year contract with Daly.

This was a victory for Daly, certainly, who by then was Helfand's bitter enemy, but decidedly on the Pyrrhic side. For the Helfand hearings proceeded from Martinez to the Guild, and in the end the Guild was outlawed. Daly was banned from operating in New York, which is boxing's big apple, and found himself at odds with the IBC, which is boxing's big source of income outside New York.

Outlawing the Guild was Helfand's greatest single stroke. From it stemmed other major accomplishments, such as a grand *approchement* with the IBC and the sudden realization among boxing's frowzy that this was a commission with power and the intent to use it. Out of it came the banishment of Tex Sullivan and Willie Gilzenberg from their St. Nick's operation, for one charge against them was conspiracy to sabotage Helfand's ban on the Guild.

In December 1955 Helfand declared the Guild "a continuing menace to the integrity of boxing." Any manager who remained in it after Jan. 15, he ruled, would lose his license.

The Guild met in tumultuous defiance. Guild Counsel Murray (The

Genius) Frank declared Helfand unconstitutional. Moreover, the leading Guildsmen believed they could freeze Helfand out by ending boxing in New York State. They could bring pressure to bear on the IBC through their International, whose members could boycott it throughout the country. They already had St. Nick's under control via Sullivan and Gilzenberg.

These two pawns made the first overt move to challenge Helfand. They announced that they were transferring their television shows to Baltimore, a Carbo stronghold, where they were welcomed by none other than J. Marshall Boone, chairman of the Maryland commission. Helfand appealed over Boone's head to Governor Theodore McKeldin Jr. At McKeldin's instigation Sullivan and Gilzenberg suddenly became homeless waifs.

Still, there was every indication that the Guild could count on the IBC. When Helfand outlawed the Guild the IBC secretary, Truman Gibson Jr., said Helfand had "used a cannon to shoot a fly." Norris put in a good word for the Guild, too. It always lived up to its agreements, he said.

The IBC had come into the Helfand hearings pretty much as collateral matter. Jim Norris had testified, for the most part, as to his acquaintance with Carbo. He said he had known Carbo casually for some 20 years, meeting him from time to time at baseball games and the race track but never—well, hardly ever—at the fights. They had chatted occasionally over a cup of coffee but never, absolutely

never, had talked about boxing. Nor had he ever heard that Carbo was even interested in boxing.

Helfand—and it seemed odd at the time—did not press Norris on these points, any one of which could have been blunted by good, hard cross-examination.

STRANGE COMMISSION

But when Helfand needed a powerful ally in his battle with the Guild the commission chairman struck. By hindsight it is possible to judge that he had been saving his IBC punch for a time when he would need it. Norris came flying up from Florida and into conference with Helfand. He emerged to announce that the Guild, staunch though it had been in its agreements with the IBC, no longer could do business with his organization. That ended the Guild in New York. Its members resigned.

This, everyone agreed by then, was indeed a strange boxing commission. It was actually in command of boxing. It had destroyed the Guild and brought the IBC to heel. As for Carbo, he is seen but seldom in New York these days and then usually when he is passing through on his way to Boston, Miami, New Orleans or Montreal. Carbo benchmen are still around, still operating, and it is to be presumed that business arrangements continue, perhaps by courier, but certainly not on so blatant a basis as before.

Helfand has created at least one annoying obstacle to "the beards," as Carbo's front men are called. Boxing's

continued on next page

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HELFAND'S RECORD

continued from page 59

financial business must now be conducted by check, not cash, and financial statements must be sworn to. The laws of perjury, he points out, are now available to him and the financial records of fight managers are now clearer to Internal Revenue agents. He does not pretend that either of these blocks cannot be circumvented, but they are at least hindrances to chicanery.

Helfand can further claim, though he does not, that the California cleanup and its counterpart in Pennsylvania derived at least inspiration from his sturdy example, along with counsel and cooperation. Helfand's little candle, shining like a good deed in a naughty world, threw its beams clear across the country. Babe McCoy, as sinister a figure as ever fixed a fight, has been eliminated by the California commission, whose chairman, Dr. Dan O. Kilroy, says similar treatment will be meted out to "about a dozen" other licensees in 1957.

The Pennsylvania commission, appointed with Helfand's example as a model of what might be done, uncovered a fight in which a boxer had been doped, suspended some top figures and has been especially influential in promotion of a uniform code for boxing regulation through the National Boxing Association.

In his two years on the commission Helfand has made but one serious slip, though it turned out well enough in one respect. He had denounced states that permit fighters to sign contracts when their managers are suspended. He had particularly hooted at the State of Illinois which, in order to get a welterweight championship match, allowed Johnny Saxton to sign for himself in his Chicago bout with Carmen Basilio. Saxton is managed by Blinky Palermo, who can't even get a license in his home state of Pennsylvania these days. Everyone, Helfand said, knew that in such cases the fighter and manager met later in a hotel room to "whack up" the purse.

While his latest pronouncement on this favorite topic was on the magazine stands in an article under his byline, Helfand reversed himself. Basilio had been robbed of his title in Chicago and Helfand wanted him to have a fair chance at regaining it. So he abandoned his own principle in the interests of "simple justice." He allowed Saxton to fight Basilio in Syracuse, where Basilio won back his title. Saxton and Palermo whacked up the purse in a

hotel room, all right, but Helfand still feels justified in his action. Other states just wouldn't go along with his principle, he points out, and there was no sense in New York standing alone.

He had, however, made New York stand alone on other principles, and in time other states did follow his stubborn lead. Those two sweethearts, Blinky and Johnny, are whacking up another purse in Cleveland this month, in the third running of the Basilio-Saxton Derby.

Still and all, Helfand's record has been excellent. He has established that boxing commissions can, by putting the good name of the sport above the convenience of its beneficiaries, restore a fair degree of public confidence in boxing. Helfand believes that that has been his No. 1 accomplishment.

FEW COMPLAINTS NOW

"When I first came into this job," he says, "I found that for a long time — by way of considerable volume of mail and personal contact — that the average boxing fan and the public generally who watch boxing, either in the arena or on television, that there was a feeling amongst these people that boxing was in the control of a few people who dictated who fought, when they fought, and that many people thought they dictated who the winner was to be. Included in this category — as to who the winner was to be — was the feeling, not necessarily that the fights were fixed, although there was some feeling about that, too, but that, rather, among the controlling group and the managers, matches were being made to build up a particular fighter against the detriment of his opponent, and this, basically, is as bad and as wrong as fixed fights."

Well, to be sure, like many another boxing commission chairman, Helfand speaks in lolling periods but he makes his meaning clear. He notes, as an effective measure of his success, that few fans now complain to him about conditions.

In recent months, he says, "along with improvement in the caliber of fights, there has come practically an elimination of previous letters concerning decisions. There have been few, if any, in the past year. They have been practically eliminated."

Compared with two years ago, restoration of confidence in boxing is no mean achievement. No boxing commission can hope to score a knockout over all the cheats. But Helfand is far ahead on points. He can't lose, if he keeps his guard up.

END

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...

RECORD BREAKERS

Marquis de Portago, intrepid Spanish sportsman who added bobblebidding to his repertory in time to snatch fourth place in Winter Olympics, slithered down St. Moritz's icy 870-meter Cresta run in 28.8 aboard flimsy skeleton sled to lower Jack Crammond's 25-year-old record by two-tenths of second (Dec. 31).

Harold Connolly, Olympic hammer throw gold medal winner and world record holder, added another mark, swinging ball and triangle prodigious 66 feet 8 1/2 inches to better world standard for 35-pound weight at Medford, Mass. (Dec. 31).

Sam Griffith of Miami pushed his 266-cubic-inch hydroplane Pussycat to bolt-loosening 61.758 mph average in first 60 minutes of Orange Bowl Regatta nine-hour endurance marathon at Miami for International powerboat record before dropping out of race after 18 laps (Dec. 31).

Michigan State's Don Nichols, Paul Reinko, Roger Harmon and Don Patterson barreled through 200-yard medley relay in 1:44.4 to meet against Michigan at Ann Arbor to break Iowa State's mark by four-tenths of second (Jan. 5).

Charles Chevalier, 34, sturdy Heaton Moor Golf Club pro who has made career of huffing out tee shots, did it for 25th time on 138-yard fourth hole at home course in Lancashire, surpassing own world record. Greying Chevalier attributed skill to "good luck and good judgment," admitted: "I was very bucked at reaching my official quarter century" (Jan. 2).

FOCUS ON THE DEED



HUNGARIAN WATER POLOISTS, enjoying a brief southern vacation sponsored by the *Miami Daily News*, bat the ball around in a lively practice session at the Venetian pool in Coral Gables.



Dr. Richard Thompson Jr., personable Washington, D.C. dental surgeon with yen for speed, piled up 10,000 points with his Corvette in Class C Production races to tie Paul O'Shea, last year's winner, for SCCA national point title.

FOOTBALL

College football season came to crumpling end with annual flock of bowl games (see page 43). Iowa scored early and often to defeat Oregon State 35-19 in Rose Bowl; TCU was unable to check Syracuse's powerful Jimmy Brown but used Chuck Cartier's passing wizardry for 28-27 victory in Cotton Bowl; underdog Baylor took advantage of last-quarter fumble to upset Tennessee 13-7 in Sugar Bowl; Colorado blew 20-point half-time lead but recovered in time to beat Clemson 27-21 in Orange Bowl; George Washington outpowered Texas Western 13-0 in Sun Bowl; West Texas held off Mississippi Southern 20-13 in Tangerine Bowl; Prairie View outscored Texas Southern 27-8 in Prairie View Bowl; South turned loose Miami's Don Bonasser for 178 yards and two touchdowns to defeat North 21-7 in pro showcase Senior Bowl at Mobile. In Honolulu's Hula Bowl, Norm Van Brocklin of Los Angeles Rams completed 19 of 20 passes good for 281 yards and five touchdowns to give pro all-stars 52-21 victory over collegians.

Lloyd Jordan, who left comfortable Amherst after 18 years to come to Harvard in 1950, was latest coaching casualty. Reason: "poor teaching." Most likely successor: Backfield Coach Harold (Josh) Williams. But other coaches were more fortunate: Bill Meek, who led University of Houston out of woods in two years, signed 10-year contract to do same for SMU; Terry Brennan, given one more chance by Notre Dame, was "re-engaged for next year."



Cecil Smith, hard-riding Texan who is still one of world's top mallet stars at 52, was ranked at 10 goals for 29th consecutive year by U.S. Polo Assn. Only other 10-goalers: Bob Skene of Beverly Hills; Saw Iglehart of Delray, Fla.

BASKETBALL

Kansas, 92-79 winner over Missouri in Big Seven debut, and idle North Carolina were nation's only unbeaten major teams after holiday tournament spree but biggest news came from West Coast where UCLA and Washington were reinstated by PCC, became threats for title (see page 19).

Boston, safely perched at top of NBA Eastern Division, increased lead over Philadelphia to four games but may have to get along without injured big men Arnie Risen, Jack Nichols and Dick Hemrie for a while. In West, Rochester and Fort Wayne continued basket-for-basket struggle but Royals still held 1-game edge.

BOXING

Gene Fullmer, mauling young (25) apprentice welder from West Jordan, Utah, shook off blows which might have damaged less durable fighter, tirelessly charged and punched away at aging (36) but occasionally skillful Sugar Ray Robinson for 15 rounds in New York's Madison Square Garden to win middleweight crown. Squatty Fullmer took big town adulation in modest stride, headed back to celebrating West Jordan neighbors and job in copper mine, while Sugar Ray (who was quickly dropped to No. 3 behind Charlie Humes and Joey Giardello in NBA rankings for January), hanging on to every former champion's dubious hope for better luck next time out, looked ahead to return bout and chance to win title for fourth time (see page 8).

continued on next page



FINNISH SKIER Eino Kilponen soars birdlike through the air against an unpeopled backdrop of Alpine peaks and Austrian village homes in International Ski Jumping contest at Innsbruck.

SCOREBOARD



Edwin J. Carter, one-time new-super publisher, has been named by PGA to keep touring and sometimes-quabbling golf pros in line. He will direct tournament activities, has power to lay penalties, sanction fines, settle disputes.



Mrs. Helen Martin of Miami, spelled by two top-flops, drove 19-foot inboard run-around *Albacore*, designed and built by her husband Al, 174 miles around choppy Biscayne Bay course to win Orange Bowl Regatta nine-hour endurance race.



Ed Justa, smart-awing 17-year-old golfer from Rocky Mount, N.C., shot new 67 to break par by four strokes, easily outclassing field to win Donald J. Ross Memorial Junior title for second time at Pinehurst Country Club.

Gaspar (Indian) Ortega, free-punching Mexican welterweight who twice running upset ex-Champion Tom DeMarco, made biggest advance in NBA monthly rankings, soaring to No. 2 and gaining put on back as December's Boxer of Month. NBA also sounded warning to reluctant Featherweight Champion Sandy Saddler, who last defended Jan. 18, 1956, put title on line or it may be vacated. One commendable omission: California's tarnished Golden Boy, Art Aragon, under suspension in Texas and investigation in home state for trying to fix fight with Dick Goldstein, was dropped from welterweight rankings.

BASEBALL

Jackie Robinson, never one to sidestep a problem, looked his future square in eye, decided that, at 38, he had "to think of the security of my family," formally announced his retirement from baseball less than month after Brooklyn Dodgers traded him to New York Giants (see page 20).

SQUASH RACQUETS

Husbin Khan, holding 42-year-old Pakistani, scooted around court with unbounded energy, outstroked his 29-year-old cousin in Roohan Khan 12-15, 15-3, 15-3, 15-9 to defend U.S. Open title at Cedarhurst, L.I.

HOCKEY

Detroit and Boston continued to play hop-scotch with NHL lead but at week's end it was Red Wings, with help of able goal tending by Glenn Hall, who held first

place by single point over hot-handed Montreal (which won three, tied one), while Bruins slipped to third.

GOLF

Ted Kroll, veteran Fort Lauderdale, Fla. pro, became PGA's latest "Mr. Moneybags," earning record-breaking \$72,835 in 1956 Vardon Trophy went to Cary Middleberg, who averaged 70.35 strokes for 66 rounds.

MILEPOSTS

Monks—England's Stanley Matthews, magic-footed soccer star, and Donald Campbell, daring speedboat racer, named Commanders of the Order of the British Empire; Australia's Shirley (Marvel Mum) Steckland, Olympic 80-meter-hurdles champion, and Peter Thomson, three-time British Open winner, named Members of the Order of the British Empire; by Queen Elizabeth II, in London.

DIED—Al Espinosa, 54, pro golfer, often runner-up (to Leo Diegel in 1928 PGA; Bobby Jones in 1929 U.S. Open; but rarely winner in big tournaments, three-time Ryder Cupper; of cancer, at Oakland, Calif.

DIED—Paul Hey Helms, 67, energetic millionaire baker-sportsman who satisfied unfulfilled yearning to be sports hero by helping others, founder of Helms Athletic Foundation and Helms Hall, world's only privately owned sports museum; of cancer, at Palm Springs, Calif.

FOR THE RECORD

RACES, all times
 LTD 11:01 Hardtop, 1/4 mile 16 laps and 25 ft 5 in. at Los Angeles, California 5/7

BOXING

Carlos Ortiz 10-round decision over Gale Norton (lightweight, New York)
 JERRY MARKSLEY 10-round decision over Ike Christel (heavyweights, Washington)

CHESS

SVETLOZAR GIGORIC (Yugoslavia) and BENT LARSEN (Denmark) tie for first 26½-7½ Chess Congress with tournament ratings, England

DOG SHOW

DR. RICHARD HILL HIGH JACK, first in show Amer. Wire Spaniel Club show, New York

FIGURE SKATING

OLYMPIA SKATING CLUB, Providence, R.I., with 79 pts., Sangers Investment Building, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

GRAY PHANTOM \$20 150 Robert E. Lee Handicap 1 1/4 m. by 3/4 lengths, 1:42 7/8, Tropical Pk. Casino, Col. sp.
 CURRY HUCKLE \$25 600 Joe Gabriel Handicap, 1 1/4 m. by 2 lengths, 1:20 1/5, Santa Anita, George Tanghe, col.
 BATTLE DANCE \$37 100 San Francisco Handicap 1 1/4 m. by neck, 1:42 1/5, Santa Anita, George Tanghe, col.

SKING

BILL SIGGS (runner, N.H.) good skater, 1:04 for Little Green Trophy, Manchester, N.H., good skater in 1:37 3/4 for Jon's Civil Memorial Bowl, Franco, N.H.
 WILLIAM ERIKSSON (ice, Mt. Wash.), off jumping meet with 226 1/2 pts., South Star, Maine, Oct.

SWIMMING

HUNGARIAN OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS, over Miami all star team 22 1/5 Miami

TENNIS

NEWMAN BOSE (Australia) over Don Candy, 6-3, 6-4, 3-6, 6-4, Que Pasa Tournament men's singles, Tampa
 KAREGA YAGERS (Hawaii) over Ross Harris Reyes, 6-3, 6-2, Que Pasa Tournament women's singles, Tampa



DETERMINED Crown Prince Carl Gustaf of Sweden drives head on puck in hockey game at Brannsviken, near Stockholm.



WATCHFUL Bill Casper, an early leader, eyes ball as it heads toward the green during second-round 68 in Los Angeles Open.



UPSETTER Dennis Gatto to sports home ahead of Olympic Champion Tom Courtney in Met AAU 600-yard run in New York.

AFTER THE BOWLS...

Came New Year's night and the answers to the last unsettled questions of the season—

Iowa 35 Oregon State 19, TCU 28 Syracuse 27, Baylor 13 Tennessee 7, and Colorado 27

Clemson 21. Then, notably out West, the Wednesday morning quarterbacks took over

THE GNASHING of teeth on the West Coast after the game was deafening. "The Pacific Coast Conference ought to ditch this post-season party with the Big Ten or else determine to buckle down and attempt to offer some genuine competition," came the lament from Morton Moss of the *Los Angeles Examiner*. "Tiresome, frustrating, nauseating," wept the *Herald-Express*. "Pitiful line. Miserable tackling. Poor strategy. It all fits. It's all true," sniffled another critic. "OSC weakest bowl team," snapped another headline.

In short, the Rose Bowl game was, as usual, a disaster for the West. A medium-good (as Big Ten champions go) Iowa team ground out a sloppy 35-19 win over a plucky but confused pack of speedballs from Oregon State, and from the shrieks that rent the air after the fact a visitor might have concluded that the Iowans had made off with the Pacific Ocean.

As a matter of fact, the Oregon State team which was the recipient of all this abuse was neither considerably worse nor considerably better than the other nine Pacific Coast teams which have been shellacked in the Rose Bowl over the past 11 years. It even ran up the second-highest point total any Far Western team has scored on the Big Ten on New Year's, and on the whole deserved better of its critics.

Iowa could hardly boast a corner on the nation's grade A football players, and its white-suited team in corn-colored helmets sometimes got as dizzy as a rube at a carnival shell game trying to keep tabs on the speedy Oregonians. Yet Iowa's native craftiness asserted itself, and they soon began to concede the Beavers yardage up the middle as long as they could keep them from turning the perilous corners. The Oregon State backfield, as fast as an Olympic relay team, could have turned the game into a rout if it had ever got outside the burly ends and corner line-

backers. It never did, although the Beavers did bolt up the middle for 193 yards, or enough to leave the Iowans' tongues hanging out giving chase. Oregon's Joe Francis was easily the outstanding back on the field, rolling up an unbelievable 216 yards, but the press corps, probably on the theory



FLOOR OF IOWA (13) OUTMETS EAGER BEAVER

that nothing is as successful as success, voted for Iowa's Ken Ploen as the Most Valuable Player.

Ploen (pronounced "plain") may have deserved it for his headwork at that. He quickly perceived that the speedy Beavers were overreager on defense, tending to regard the game as a foot race in which everybody started at the snap of the ball and sped straight ahead until they converged on their noses where the ball had been. Ploen saw to it the ball was elsewhere when they arrived—either bootlegging it around end or lobbing it to an end in the clear over the goal line.

The game was hardly a rout, even so. In the closing minutes Oregon State was driving to what seemed a sure fourth touchdown, and there were inept coronaries in the gamblers' rows all over the country (they had given 10 points) when the Beavers' little (163

pounds) center, Dick Corrick, suddenly seemed to get dizzy bending over the ball. Through his legs he could see two pairs of legs. One of them belonged to the referee; the other belonged to the tailback. Center Corrick split the difference and the ball sailed between the two of them and back 18 horrendous yards toward the horizon, where Iowa took it over.

Actually, Iowa did more damage to Pacific Coast ego than it did to Oregon State's football team, and the Californians were beside themselves with rage. This was the first time a Northwest school had lost to the Big Ten. Every other shellacking had been absorbed by a California school, and the local press seemed to resent the intrusion on their private torment. Indignation was high, and a "How dare you!" attitude was directed at Oregon State. "No one will convince me that USC... couldn't have given Iowa a pasting," huffed the *Examiner's* Mel Durslag. George Davis of the *Herald-Express* felt the same way. "This is not meant as an alibi..." he wrote. "But if it hadn't been for the Pacific Coast Conference bans, Southern California's Trojans would have been a much stronger representative than Oregon State.... Arnett would have romped."

Clearly the Californians, regaining their confidence, were still dreaming of a happy Hollywood ending to a Rose Bowl game in which—as a Technicolor sun sank behind the storied Sierra Madre—the home towners would be carrying their hero off the field and tearing down their own goal posts at long last. It was a dream they were unwilling to share with the outlanders from the Northwest.

—JAMES MURRAY

The bowl game football players left football talk to others, wet down their hair and—in the modern educational tradition—went out rap-cutting with their wives. For samples, turn the page.

YOUNG MARRIEDS OF FOOTBALL

THE dinner and dance following the Sugar Bowl at New Orleans made a happy break to the long training grind for both the winners from Baylor and the losers from Tennessee, and it also dramatized a noteworthy contemporary fact: the typical college football player may very well be married, often to a coed, and have a youngster or two. For instance, 19 of the 44 Baylor players and 11 of the 44 Tennessee players had wives, many of whom came to the game and helped celebrate the victory or soften the defeat, as shown on these two pages. Baylor authorities officially smile on marriage as a "stabilizing influence," but it wasn't until Coach Bowden Wyatt arrived at Tennessee in 1935 that the Volunteers decided wedlock wasn't "hazardous" for the athletes. This seems evident from the expressions of all the Baylor players except Charley Horton, the guard, whose wife was home in Waco, Texas, having just given birth to their first child. The happy faces also reflect twice-beaten Baylor's 13-7 upset victory over unbeaten Tennessee. Due largely to the big, alert Baylor line, which outweighed the Vols by 16 pounds per man, the Bears spent the afternoon smothering Tennessee's tricky, single-wing attack (a form of offense Baylor had never seen) before Tennessee could spring All-American Tailback John Majors for any costly gains. But on the first night of 1957 the rock and sock of the gridiron was forgotten, and that evening the formations were designed simply for the fun of it all.

FOR MORE BOWL PARTIES, TURN TO PAGE 48



BAYLOR PLAYERS DUFRÉ (LEFT) AND BRITTON EAT STEAK WITH WIVES



FOOTLOOSE AND FREE AS THEIR FANCY, HUSKY BAYLOR QUARTERBACK



KEN HEIMS AND HIS WIFE SUNNVE JETTERBUG AT POST-BOWL PARTY



BAYLOR HALFBACK BOBBY PETERS ENJOYS A LAUGH WITH HIS WIFE



BAYLOR QUARTERBACK BOBBY JONES WHISPERS TO WIFE ROSEMARY

NEW PAPA, BAYLOR GUARD CHANLEY HORTON, HAD TO EAT ALL ALONE



OF QUEENS AND KINGS

Colorado's reigning Orange Bowl kings had good reason to flash three of the season's most CinemaScope grins (below) after defeating Clemson 27-21 at Miami. And the Clemson players, too, were anything but glum. For one thing, they had their share of dances and all-round socializing with the Orange Bowl queen and her princesses. For another, they swarmed back with three touchdowns after trailing 0-20 at halftime and were headed for a fourth when a God-help-me pass was intercepted. Colorado, led by its fullback, John (The Beast) Bayuk, had scored three times within five minutes in the second period to build up its lead. It was then that Clemson Coach Frank Howard took a firm bite from his cut plug and, in the grand old locker room tradition, chewed out his squad. "I told them," Howard said, "that I was going to resign my job and leave Clemson right after the half game if they didn't do better in the second half, that I'd be damned if I'd mess around with the kind of players they'd been." The brimstone rhetoric apparently had its effect. Yet another reason for Clemson smiles: Coach Howard still has his job.



ORANGE BOWL QUEEN Adelaide Gonzales dances with ham-handed Colorado Place-kicker Edwin Isdorf at Miami Beach's Indian Creek Country Club in post-bowl party.

BOB G. ZIMMERMAN



VICTORY SMILES are flashed over orange-laden trophy by Ends Jerry Leahy and Wally Merz, Tackle Dick Stapp.



CONSOLATION GRIN of Clemson's Joe Pilot, seated with Princess Charlotte Porter, shows you can't underestimate a woman's power.



OPTION PLAY during party break provides opportunity for non-football huddle.

SYRACUSE TACKLE Jerry Hershey and Back Jimmy Brown examine bowl watches.

PRIZES FOR EVERYONE

There were spoils galore after the Cotton Bowl game in Dallas, where TCU barely nosed out Syracuse 28-27. The players took home watches, the winning coach an immense trophy, and at least one alert athlete temporarily made off with a fair lady. Since TCU had lost three times and Syracuse was unfamiliar to the Southwest, there were 7,000 empty seats in the bowl—a cause for intense civic rue in Dallas. Nonetheless, it was a nip-and-tuck game of endless thrills. Jimmy Brown, the great Syracuse halfback, more than earned his wristwatch by staging a terrific one-man show, scoring three touchdowns and three conversions. TCU Quarterback Chuck Curtis—hot as a pot of collards—pulled the winners through with his brilliant passing.

TCU COACH Abe Martin, chewing cigar, finds the victors must lift home the spoils.



At midseason some teams surprise more than their stars, while an old pro says that winning is

ALL IN THE MIND

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL comes up to its traditional midseason pause, the All-Star Game in Boston this week, with both Eastern and Western Division standings bearing but slight resemblance to early estimates. At the same time, individuals (evidently more predictable than teams) are giving expected performances.

In the West, Rochester's collection of rookies and second-year men are surprising even Manager Bobby Wanzer (equally youthful, incidentally) by scrapping for the lead despite the loss of prize Rookie Si Green. Search for a single responsible factor turns up Maurice Stokes's fine average of 16-plus rebounds per game and emphasizes the key value of this department of the game. Boston, which hoped for a strong, second-half-of-the-season surge after Bill Russell and Frank Ramsey joined the team, had instead presented these two young men with a substantial Eastern League lead they appear well capable of helping to preserve.

It might also have been anticipated that Russell's immediate success on defense would spawn rumblings of discontent around the league along the "he-must-be-doing-something-illegal" line. But Philadelphia Owner Ed Gottlieb's complaints about Russell's alleged goal-tending and playing a ocean zone defense (what's that?) seem downright silly. To be charitable about it, Gottlieb simply put his foot in his mouth and should take it out forthwith. Maybe apologize, too.

Relaxing the other day before joining the All-Stars in Boston (he's been selected for the game every year it's been played) one of the NBA's alltime stars tried to explain what it is that repeatedly brings out peak performances from players in this lightning-fast pastime which many consider the most exacting, physically, of all. This is Dolph Schayes talking—the 6-foot-8, 220-pound Syracuse National who has been chosen on more All-Star squads than any player in NBA history and whose all-round skill is attested by

consistent near-the-top leadership in three areas: all-over scoring, the precise art of free throws, and rebounding. To some his words will carry a ring of univèrse, which in this instance is, sadly, the price of superiority:

"The most important thing any athlete does is 'get up' mentally before the competition starts. It's the difference between the ordinary, average performance and the extra effort that was the game, the race, or whatever he's going to do. I used to start 'getting up' the afternoon before a game, but I found that long effort too exhausting. Now I start working on myself about an hour before game time."

THE KEY WORDS

"I keep repeating a few things to myself, over and over, before and during the game. It's only 48 minutes, I say, only 18 minutes I've got to deliver. Most of those people watching me have to deliver for eight hours every day on their jobs. I've got 48 minutes. That should be easy. I tell myself how lucky I am to be getting paid for playing a game. And then the fans. It's more of a feeling toward them than actual talking. They've paid to watch me and I want them to see my best. A lot of players in our league aren't really trying. Don't get me wrong, they give everything they've got—physically. But they just haven't learned how to get that extra something that comes from being 'up' mentally. The ones I admire most are guys like [Bill] Sharman and [Neil] Johnston. It's the psychological edge they bring along that makes them great."

Schayes himself, still in his teens when he was graduated from NYU, had been an awkward, unsure athlete for four years, with desire alone counterbalancing his immaturity. "Dolph was all adolescent arms and legs in college," says NYU Coach Howard Cann. "He was a good player—no more than that. But his mind was set on being great. He was in the gym practicing every spare minute. We had to chase



GOING UP HIGHEST. Dolph Schayes starts rebound during NBA playoff game.

him out." Today, after seven years as a pro, Schayes is still pushing himself; according to Coach Paul Seymour, they have to turn out the lights at the Syracuse gym where the Nationals practice before he quits for the day.

But it was an accident that helped turn him into the marvel of accuracy he is with both hands in the set shot and with either hand on pushes and layups. Halfway through the 1950-51 season he broke a bone in his right wrist. For a while, with a special plastic cast on the wrist, he practiced exclusively with his left hand, making of it the sure weapon it is today. Then, compensating for the weight of the cast, he began shooting with both hands, but the cast prevented him from holding the ball with his whole right hand. He learned to balance and guide the ball with just his fingertips and found that this method gave him greater accuracy than he'd ever enjoyed. To this day that's the way he shoots. He's sure it's the best way and results achieved by others like Sharman and Bob Pettit bear him out.

Aside from his driving, aggressive play, the thing that catches the eye about Schayes when he's out on the court is the long, wavy hair he wears like a crown—especially since most NBA players sport crew cuts. "My wife," he says (didn't you guess?), "talked me into trying it long, and when it grew in she said she'd divorce

Our guest columnist proves there is always a heaven
somewhere for weatherbound horseplayers anxious to

WALK IN THE SUN

IT WAS slightly before noon and horseplayers in the paddock area at Tropical Park assumed the postures of their trade—they threw back their heads like turkeys in a rainstorm and drank in the sun and dreamily contemplated nothing at all, or they shaded their eyes and pored over agate type in the *Racing Form's* columns and scrawled notes to themselves in the margins.

At that moment New York withered under a blast of 13° temperature, Chicago suffered under a 6° reading and it was 15° below in International Falls, Minn. and Lebanon, N.H. On the lake beyond Tropical's tote board white swans and sea gulls cruised about or beat the air and sailed a few hundred yards and sidled in for another freelond of tender shoots. The swans landed in front of the clubhouse and the gulls in front of the grandstand, of course.

There are compensations, however. The auto-borne horseplayer in the

grandstand area is separated from a dollar more of his treasure when equipping himself for an afternoon of adventure. With basic needs—parking spot, admission, program, *Racing Form* and reserved seat—the grandstander puts out \$4.50 before he makes the first cast at the mutuels; the clubhouse swell goes for an extra buck and seldom uses the do-it-yourself parking system, and the luxury calls for yet another dollar. Since Tropical's clientele is thought to be largely "local" in nature—as opposed to the long-distance commuters at Hialeah and Gulfstream Park later in the season—the difference in cost to the customers is considered more important at Tropical than at the others.

Even so, on the basis of last winter's handle and attendance at the three Miami tracks, there is a curious statistical advantage for the sparkling but less commodious Tropical Park. It is

that the average horseplayer at Tropical last winter came up with \$115 worth of mutuel tickets per day; Gulfstream's players went for \$109, and Hialeah—largest and poshest and with the choice dates—shook only \$103 from its quivering captives.

For the first 33 days of the current Tropical meeting, however, the average was a soggy \$85 per head. Perhaps, as has been suggested, this can be attributed directly to the absence of Joe E. Lewis, the entertainment fellow. Joe and his penchant for long shots have meant more to the economy of Florida's gold coast than anything since the discovery of underwater real estate.

There is an excellent chance that the gap in the line of bettors left by Lewis, even if it is of some duration, will not be felt. Not so long as Tropical's president, Saul Silberman, can speed to the windows on his sturdy little legs.

The majority owner of Randall Park near that city and a trotting emporium at Painesville, Ohio, Silberman also is a horseplayer, which is to say he'd walk from Cleveland to Miami on his hands and knees to get a little action.

BETTING BOSS

Most track presidents in this country roll their eyeballs toward heaven at the smallest hint that they, like their clients, might enjoy throwing a bob down the drain now and then. Silberman looks upon these gentlemen with thinly veiled disgust, taking the natural attitude that the track chief should have more fun than anybody, since he's eligible at every mutuel window in the joint.

One would think pressures of exceptionally late track closings and the early openings now in vigor for the East would put Silberman in at least a spiritual if not a financial bind. Not so. Silberman figures to get his share of treasure so long as snow flies north of Jacksonville. Meanwhile, there are horses to be played.

Last week, the chunky, aggressive Tropical president ricocheted around the Turf Club atop the clubhouse, darting between Sam (The Genius) Lewin, Charlie (The Ag) Cohen, Memphis Engleberg and Cheesecake like Burger. From these and the other veterans of Tropical's rather deceptive charms came tips in bunches, on the palms were coconuts in clusters and from the sky sunshine poured in a constant stream.

A horseplayer never had it so good, even one who paid \$2.5 million for roaming rights at Tropical Park four years ago. (END)



SHIRTSLEEVED STUDY in concentration, distraction and expectancy is provided by these Tropical Park bettors as horses under a rainbow of silks wind through palm trees.

TIP FROM THE TOP



Particularly for wobbly putters

from DOUG FORD, Putnam C.C., Mahopac, N.Y.

When I have a putt of six feet or less, I make a slight change in the stance I use for longer putts. I stand so that the ball—which is off my left toe on all putts—is an inch nearer my foot.

Moving the ball in that inch changes the feeling I get about the kind of stroke needed to contact the ball squarely. My hands feel tappier. By this, I mean I get the feeling as I line myself up that I can hit the ball much more solidly and more decisively—that my stroke doesn't have to travel so far either going back or coming forward or have as much delicate timing to it. It works that way for me. It cuts down the backswing, enables me to tap the ball very firmly, and I find that the tap action automatically makes me follow through without my having to really think about following through.

When a player taps the ball in a crisp manner, he is bound to get the ball started right, and the most important part of any putt is the first six or eight inches. If the ball is rolling right then, it will roll right all the way.



NEXT WEEK: EDDIE WILLIAMS ON ORGANIZING ESSENTIALS

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THE TRAIL OF PIRATE

It leads from Nova Scotia to the Windward Islands and offers storied treasure for the finding. Here is an expert's guide to the best sites

IF TREASURE hunters were fishermen, pirate-treasure hunters would be the dry-fly trout fishermen. Pirate-treasure hunters scorn any amount of wealth that was not lost as a result of piracy. If one of this select group should dredge up from the sea some silver plate that had been lost from a Spanish galleon simply because of a storm, he would be as repelled by it as a trout fisherman by an eel.

The following pages are for this select group. The sites spotted on the accompanying map and described in this article all hold promise of pirate treasure. They are, of course, by no means all of the pirate hoards still awaiting the hunter. But they do represent a selection of what should be the most fruitful areas for diving and digging, and all of them are believed to be treasures left by authentic pirates. Even the few supposedly rich stores buried or lost by such buccaneers as Morgan and his men are omitted; buccaneers were amphibious raiders, not pirates.

The search can begin almost anywhere on the east coast of North America, from Nova Scotia through the Caribbean. Let the reader be warned, however: once begun, it may take him far afield. Treasure hunting is a pastime which grips the imagination and fevers the brain. Some of the treasure mentioned here, ranging geographically from Nova Scotia's Oak Island to the Leeward and Windward Islands, is authentic and documented, though so far unfound. Other areas have already produced treasure and may produce more. A few are legendary and may be hopeless. Many of the beaches and coves have already been thoroughly combed over—which often means that the loot now lies much nearer to the surface, awaiting the next and luckiest searcher. That could be you.

The northernmost—and best-known—treasure lies at Oak Island (1), but this one needs an engineering genius or

a million dollars (or both) to be dug up. It will be discussed in detail later. A little to the south of it, the coast of Maine (2) has long been a treasure-hunting area. Dixie Ball, the first pirate in New England, frequented these waters. Coins and silver have been found in many coves and bays, notably in Casco Bay, on Jewell Island and



others. Local residents are the best guides to likely hunting grounds.

Off Portsmouth, N.H. (3), lies a little cluster of islands which should still conceal some pirate treasure. One of the islands, however, is haunted.

The story of the treasure is as hazy as that of the ghost. It is said that one of Blackbeard's lieutenants, wandering away from the rest of the fleet,

crossed the Atlantic, anchored in a cove along the coast of Scotland, rowed ashore and returned on board with a beautiful young woman. The pirate ship's course was set for New England, and the anchor was finally dropped off White Island, the southernmost of the Isles of Shoals. They had just buried some treasure when a sail was sighted bearing down on the islands. Blackbeard's lieutenant put his young lady ashore, told her to guard the treasure and put out to investigate the strange vessel. It proved to be a warship, and, in the battle which followed, the pirate ship was sunk. No one escaped alive.

Since then the young girl has dutifully kept her vigil, in life and in death. They say you can still see her walking along the rocky shore, on moonlit nights, of course. She wears a long sea cloak, and her blonde hair, uncovered, floats behind her as she looks out across the sea to the spot where the pirate ship went down more than two centuries ago. And she would be sure to haunt anyone who tried to dig up the treasure her lover told her to guard.

Personally, I doubt this story, because it is difficult to imagine any lieutenant of Blackbeard getting away from the fleet like that. However, White Island is a beautiful place to dig, and the sight of the blonde ghost would be worth a lot more than whatever gold and silver might be buried there. The chances of finding her and the treasure are, I should say, about equal.

A more likely digging place on the Isles of Shoals—and one that has been dug up a great deal more—is Star Island. Here is supposed to be the treasure left by Pirate John Quelch and his men. Quelch became a pirate by the simple process of taking the ship away from his captain and setting out with it "on account." He and his followers apparently did very well along the Spanish Main, wreaking havoc especially among a number of Portuguese ships, and they shortly found them-

*This article will form part of the forthcoming book, **Pirate: Rascals of the Spanish Main**, to be published Jan. 24 by Doubleday & Co. (copyright 1957 by A.B.C. Whipple). The maps, by Richard Poirer, and the illustrations, by Richard Poirer, are likewise from the book.*

GOLD

by A.B.C. WHIPPLE

selves so overloaded that they had to get rid of some of the stuff for a while. So Quelch went to Star Island and rowed some of the treasure ashore.

A few of his men, however, had been celebrating too much the night before on the mainland, probably in Portsmouth, and had revealed their plans. A sea-going posse took off after them. It located Quelch and his crew on the shore at Star Island.

The money found on the pirates was sent to London. But the official court records of Quelch's trial in Boston show that the pirates took on the Spanish Main £50 in Portuguese currency, £50 in Portuguese gold and silver, gold dust valued at £60,000, £9,000 in coined gold and 200 pieces of eight. The receipt signed in London would indicate that less than half of this amount was delivered there. Some of course went into the pockets of the colonial authorities. But even allowing for considerable expenses and a reasonable amount of graft, nearly half of Quelch's loot, amounting to about a quarter of a million dollars, should still lie buried somewhere on Star Island. There is a good hotel on the island, too.

On the back side of Cape Cod (4), two miles south of the Wellfleet Life-saving Station, are the remains of the pirate ship *Whidah*. Her iron caboose was last seen during the Civil War; it has since been buried by the shifting sands. Samuel Bellamy was her captain. He had once joined forces with old Ben Hornigold, and he had done so well that the *Whidah* carried nearly \$1 million worth of gold and silver when Bellamy ran into a storm on the Grand Banks in 1717.

His last prize turned out to be his downfall. He had, just before the storm, captured the wine pinkie *Mary Ann*, laden with Madeira. He and the crew sampled their haul so freely that more than 150 drunken pirates, in the pinkie

continued on next page



Treasure hunter's map of the North American coastline shows areas of known or suspected pirate haunts from Nova Scotia to the Keys. For Caribbean sites, see map on page 55

THE TRAIL OF PIRATE GOLD

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and the *Wyndok*, went crashing onto the beach. The members of the prize crew aboard the pinkie managed to save themselves. All but two of the men aboard the *Wyndok* drowned, Bellamy was not one of the two.

Some of the \$1 million has since been recovered but by no means all of it. Cape Cod being what it is, however, there have been some treasure hunters there ahead of you, including Henry David Thoreau.

Tarpaulin Cove (3), on Naushon, one of the Elizabeth Islands, off the south coast of Massachusetts, was the last stop for Captain William Kidd before he gave himself up to Lord Bellamont, the pirate-hunting colonial governor, in Boston. It is said that he buried some treasure here. Perhaps.

Block Island (6), at the end of Long Island, was a frequent stopping place for pirates. Certainly some of them hid some plunder here and on nearby islands. Probably most of them managed to get back and dig it up again. But Block Island is a fine place for exploring anyway.

Countless ancient coins and pirate implements have been dug up all along the shores of Long Island Sound (7). Newport, R.I., for example, was the home of Thomas Tew. There is little chance that he buried any treasure, so well protected was he by the authorities of the time, but some of his men probably did. The sound was a passageway into New York in the days before Lord Bellamont, when the city was an excellent pirate clearing house. But at the same time no pirate running down the sound could be sure of a safe welcome, so a great many of them may have buried their gold and silver while they went into town to market their other goods. Most of them dug the money up as they came back out the sound, but a few could have slipped up.

The most famous Long Island Sound treasures are credited to Captain Kidd. He may not have had much of his own prize money left when his voyaging was finally ended, but he did bury a chest on Gardiners Island, at the eastern end of the sound (it was dug up by Bellamont's men). Kidd was reunited with his wife somewhere in the sound. The exact spot is not known, but a likely place is the Thimble Islands, off New Haven, an easy place for Mrs. Kidd to find even in those days. So it is possible that Kidd put a little something aside there for himself and his wife while waiting for her to join him.

In accordance with the legend one of the Thimbles is called Money Island. It looks the least likely of them all, partly because almost every square foot of the island is settled and must have been dug over, and partly because there would not be enough soil to bury a chest very deep.

Anyway, the Thimbles make a good hunting ground. Take along your fishing rod, by the way, and some green crabs for bait; the fishing is excellent.

There was also a pirate named Gillan, who was reputed to have made a number of rich hauls and whom Bellamont's men chased all up and down Long Island Sound. With the pirate hunters hot on his heels, Gillan should have done some treasure burying in some of the sound's most hidden coves. The best of these would be along the north shore of Long Island; most of the Connecticut shore is too settled and dug over. On a hunch, try Conscience Bay, to starboard as you go into Port Jefferson harbor. And I wonder how much serious digging has been done in the famous Sand Hole on Lloyd Neck? Don't try it on a Saturday night, though, unless you like digging to the accompaniment of 100 radios.

The New Jersey coast (8) has yielded up some pirate coins now and then. This, too, was along the route of pirates running into New York. But most of the searching along that coast has been unrewarding. One property owner on the route of the new Garden State Parkway sold his land to the state with the reservation that he retained rights to any pirate gold the engineers found on it. They found none (they said). As in Maine, the best guides are local experts.

Delaware Bay (9) is supposed to be the resting place of an enormous cache belonging to Pirate Jean Lafitte. It was buried there, legend says, by his lieutenant, Dominique You. Where? No one knows.

Chesapeake Bay (10) was second only to Long Island Sound as a pirate highway. Its shores, less crowded than those of the sound, should be rich treasure grounds.

But even richer, in treasure and story, is the Cape Hatteras area (11). On the eve of his battle with Lieutenant Maynard, at Ocracoke, when he first realized that he was in the toughest spot of his career, Blackbeard was asked by one of his men if he had any treasure buried. He said yes. Another asked him where it was, explaining that it would be too bad for it all to be lost

if Blackbeard should die in the morning. Blackbeard was drunk but not that drunk. "Nobody but I and the Devil know where it is," he said, "and the longest liver shall take all."

Some plunder was found ashore at Ocracoke next day after Blackbeard's death. No attempt had been made to hide it. Blackbeard had had an extremely wealthy cruise. It is difficult to believe that he did not secrete the most valuable gold, silver and jewels somewhere on Ocracoke's beaches that night. Or perhaps it was his custom to bury caches along the shores of the Carolinas each time before going into his Ocracoke hideout. It has been said that a Blackbeard board was buried in York River, but none of it has been found. A few pirate coins have turned up along the beaches running down the coast from Cape Hatteras. This area is well worth some more searching. There are few more attractive digging grounds anyway.

Cape Fear (12) is where Stede Bonnet spent an anxious night waiting for the next morning's battle, which was his last. He should have buried whatever gold and silver he had somewhere about here. This was a Blackbeard haunt too.

Charleston (13) was particularly plagued by pirates, who lay off the harbor trapping merchantmen on their way in and out through the narrow entrance. Many of the pirates went ashore on Sullivan's Island. The digging there should be productive.

Amelia Island (14), just north of Jacksonville, Fla., was a convenient pirate rendezvous after a raid in the Straits of Florida. No one knows how much plunder was buried there over the years; but more than \$170,000 has been dug up already.

The Florida Keys (15) were also handy to pirates working the straits. Almost any of the keys and islands around the tip of Florida should be a good look.

There are more than famous shells along Florida's west coast (16). The latter-day pirates, notably Gasparilla and Lafitte, ruled these waters, and evidences of them have been found throughout the area. The best spots: Gasparilla Island; Captiva Island (so named because Gasparilla kept his women captives there); and the hundreds of islets below New Orleans, where Lafitte and his men hung out.

The Bahamas (17) should be a veritable string of gold mines for the pirate-treasure hunter. In Nassau harbor a few years ago a girl taking part in an underwater movie spotted an



A pirate's paradise for 300 years, the Caribbean is still loaded with buried riches

iron hoop; it was part of a chest which turned out to contain doubloons to the value of more than \$50,000. Could this have been part of the prize ship which Charles Vane set afire in order to scare off a fleet of blockaders? It doesn't sound like Vane to overlook that much hard cash.

An area in the Bahamas that looks promising to me is Eleuthera. It was the first settlement in the islands. Calico Jack Rackam apparently put into Harbour Island, off Eleuthera's northern tip. The 90-mile eastern beach of

Eleuthera is virtually untenanted and unexcavated and is girdled by reefs on which many a pirate ship must have run aground. Start from Governor's Harbour, where there are three good hotels, one right on the beach, and you can work in both directions up and down the shore. And take along your skin-diving equipment; the reef fish are unbelievably colorful.

The entire south coast of Cuba (18) should be just as good a hunting ground as the Bahamas. Here the U.S. Navy ran the 19th century pirates to

ground one by one; many of them must have hidden their plunder in hopes of getting away and coming back to it. And on one of the islands in the Jardines bank, off the south coast, Bartholomew Portuguese, a hard-luck pirate who twice lost his fortune in hurricanes, was driven aground with his richest prize.

Near the eastern end of Cuba, in Guantánamo Bay (19), there are hundreds of caves which were made to order for hiding pirate loot. Sailors from

continued on next page

THE TRAIL OF PIRATE GOLD

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the U.S. naval base there have searched most of them, but some remain unexplored and unexploited.

Every merchantman going through the Windward Passage (20), between Cuba and what is now Haiti, ran the gantlet of the hundreds of pirates gathered on Tortuga Island, off Haiti's northwestern tip, waiting for the kill. Tortuga became one of the most famous pirate headquarters in the West Indies; it supplanted New Providence for a while after Woodes Rogers' clean-up. Tortuga should be a pirate-treasure hunter's paradise.

Not so popular a pirate gathering place but an island which attracted plenty of them was Vache Island (21), a dozen miles off Cape Tiburon, Haiti's extreme southwestern end. Approach from the east; there are almost always high winds and racing currents on the western side of the island.

All along this coast of Haiti (22) there has been less than the normal amount of pirate-treasure hunting, considering the fact that so many pirates were once sheltered there. I am told that Haiti's government does not encourage the digging up of the beaches. However, with the proper permission from the authorities, it should be a most rewarding place.

The Dominican Republic (23) does not approve of too much snooping around, either. But its coast, especially on the south, should also be rich.

One good reason is Captain Kidd again. Although he did not take a great deal of prize money north with him, there evidently was an extremely rich treasure aboard the *Quedagh Merchant* when he left her in the Higüey River, at the southeastern end of the Dominican Republic (then Hispaniola). With the same loyalty that most of his crew had shown during the rest of the voyage, Kidd's men hardly waited for his back to be turned before they split up the treasure, burned the *Quedagh Merchant* to the water's edge and scattered in every direction. They had no way of knowing whether or not Kidd would shortly come back looking for them, so a number of them may have buried their shares all along the nearby coasts as quickly as they could. The *Quedagh Merchant* treasure has never been recovered.

As deadly a corridor for merchantmen as the Windward Passage and the Straits of Florida was the Mona Passage (24), between Hispaniola and Puerto Rico. The islands on both sides

of the passage should be loaded. Mona Island is reputed to have been the hiding place of more than a million dollars left there by Captain William Jennings (which could account for his patience with Woodes Rogers' clean-up of New Providence). An expedition visited Mona Island in 1939 and made a good haul. Southwest of the Passage is Lotus Island, where a pirate named Captain Flood scattered doubloons and

SOME ADVICE ON PLAYING FINDERS KEEPERS

When (not if) you do find some pirate treasure, you will be better off if you don't call up the nearest newspaper editor to brag about it. The U.S. government can usually be counted on to be generous in the matter of its claim to treasure found inside the three-mile limit, and it has no claim to anything from outside that boundary. But there may be heirs, professional victims and insurance companies, all envious and greedy factotums who simply want to get their feet in your trough. Even if someone makes a bona fide claim, you can demand a salvage share; but to do this you have to go to admiralty court, and admiralty law is for madmen.

pieces of eight about the beach in a fight over three chests of treasure. Coins are still recovered here when the tide is especially low. Some skin diving in this harbor should be worth the while.

Puerto Rico's southern coast (25) is worth a look too. But even better prospects are Tortola and Norman Islands, to the northeast. One of the colonial governors reported home in 1750 that some pirates had buried more than 100,000 pieces of eight on these islands.

About all that can be said of the whole string of Loeward and Windward Islands (26) is that pirate treas-

ure could be found on almost any of them. Because these islands were off the then-beaten track, they were ideal hiding places. The best method in this area is to consult the local pirate authorities, of whom, to make an understatement, there are many.

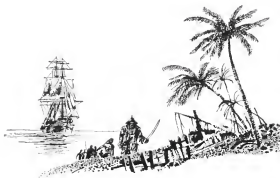
Jamaica (27) was not as popular a pirate hangout as legend would indicate. The American capital of the buccaneers in Morgan's time, Jamaica had become a formidable British naval base in the days when the pirates replaced the buccaneers, and most of the pirates steered clear of the island. Many a pirate did go to Jamaica, however, in a prison ship, to be tried and executed. Calico Jack made the mistake of cruising the coast of Jamaica, concentrating on Negril Bay where some other pirates had gathered from time to time (Negril was at the other end of the island from Kingston, the capital). But Rackam might not have taken this chance and might not have been caught, had his girl friend Anne Bonny not kept nagging him for more excitement all the time.

The best areas along Jamaica's shores ought to be in the neighborhood of Negril and along the southern coast. The north shore is too exposed to heavy seas for ships to have been able to lie at anchor for very long, and every grain of sand in Montego Bay area must long since have been sifted by people from New York and Hollywood. Even the bottom of the sea off this part of Jamaica has been thoroughly explored by Walt Disney.

These, then, are the places where you might search. As stated at the beginning of this article, the search may lead you far afield; it might even occupy a lifetime. Here, in conclusion, is the tale of one attempt to recover a treasure, perhaps the greatest buried anywhere, which has continued, off and on, for over 160 years. The treasure is there; its location is known. This is the story of the treasure hole of Oak Island.

In the year 1795 three young men from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, were out canoeing—and possibly treasure hunting—near Oak Island, a short distance off the Lunenburg coast. Their names were Jack Smith, Tony Vaughan and Dan McNees, and what caught their eyes was a huge oak tree a little way in from the beach. Admiring the tree, they noticed that the earth beneath one of its stoutest limbs was slightly concave, as if it had once been dug up and refilled and had settled after years of rains. One of the boys





had a thought and climbed out onto the limb. It showed unmistakable signs of a block and tackle.

They came back next day with pickaxes and shovels. They dug down 10 feet and hit a platform of heavy wooden planks. They continued digging day after day throughout the summer. Ten feet farther down they hit another platform of planks. In 10 more feet there was another. Now they were 30 feet down, with every indication that there would be more heavy wooden obstacles. They had done all they could with shovels and pickaxes; they now needed heavier equipment.

But they did not have the necessary capital. And they did not want their secret to get out. They kept quiet about it for seven years, while they dreamed and fretted and saved up their money. Finally they brought in a fourth partner, the young doctor who delivered the first child of Jack Smith and his wife. The doctor's name was John Lynds, and he put up the capital. Figuring that the best way to get the loot was to go all out and forget about secrecy, Dr. Lynds hired some laborers, moved a block and tackle and other heavy equipment onto the site, and the real digging began.

They hit another platform at 40 feet, another at 50, another at 60, and so on. Some were made of coconut, others of oak, and they kept appearing as the men dug down—until they reached 90 feet.

Here they struck a stone tablet, three feet long and a foot and a half wide. On it were some markings which no one could decipher. But the tablet suggested that finally they were reaching the treasure which some pirate gang had taken such pains to hide. And so it seemed; the next platform

looked like the biggest. As Dr. Lynds called off the digging for the day, he felt that he had at last, 100 feet down, reached his goal.

Next morning the hole had 65 feet of water in it. For the rest of that summer they tried to bail and pump it out, but it flowed in faster than they could remove it. The water was salty and obviously came through some tunnel which had been dug at the time the original hole had been sunk. The party returned next summer with heavy pumping equipment and a new strategy. Digging another hole alongside the old one, they then branched across to drain off the water. Both holes filled. Three men were drowned. The partners gave up.

Almost half a century went by. Dr. Lynds and Vaughan came back to try once more. They brought with them some mine-drilling equipment, rigged a platform over the hole and sent an auger down through the water into the solid earth and planks below. It came up with three gold links wound around it.

Other drillings indicated that beneath that last big oaken wall lay a number of chests full of loose metal, undoubtedly gold and silver. But the problem remained: how to get down through those 65 feet of water.

They investigated and found the tunnel. It went from the treasure hole to a cove 500 feet away, where it branched out into half a dozen openings. So they sank a shaft 120 feet deep to divert the water pouring through the tunnel. No luck; there was plenty of water for the diverting hole, the treasure hole and the tunnel. Old, weary, now broke, Dr. Lynds and Vaughan quit for the last time.

A third try was made by another

group in 1863. Heavy-duty pumps did lower the water to 100 feet, but the long-soaked sides of the hole began to cave in down at that level, and the project had to be abandoned again.

Other attacks on this treasure were made—in 1865, in 1874, in 1893. The diggings and drillings unearthed further evidence that treasure was buried there: deposits on augers that showed there was a subterranean room encased in wood and cement. Then, in 1934, came the most ambitious try of all.

Gilbert Hedden, a retired steel manufacturer from Newark, N.J., bought the section of the island and hired a mining and drilling firm to go after the treasure. Electric cables were strung out to the island. A number of pits were dug, one as deep as 150 feet, in an attempt to channel off the flow of water into the treasure hole. All failed. After five summers of trying with the most modern equipment, the mining firm gave up.

At least half a dozen digging parties have tried since. None has succeeded. At this writing another big expedition is at work on Oak Island. If its members manage to raise the treasure, they will succeed where 22 predecessor expeditions have failed. The island is shot through with tunnels and shafts dug in attempts to hold back the tide of water sweeping into the treasure hole. Almost \$2 million has so far been spent in vain. How so perfect an engineering feat was performed three centuries ago is difficult to understand. No doubt the sea level has risen just enough in 300 years so that the treasure is infinitely more difficult to dig up than it was to bury. In any case, whoever put it there has so far defied the best attempts of modern engineers.

What lies below this water in this perfectly protected subterranean vault? The planks, the marks of block and tackle, the bits of evidence so far unearthed and the complicated tunnels bear all the earmarks of pirates. What it is no one will know until it is finally dug up. The best indication so far is the tablet which the original partners uncovered in 1802. No one could decipher it then. But in the year 1928 the Rev. A. T. Kempton, of Cambridge, Mass., an expert at such hieroglyphics, translated the markings. They mean, says the Rev. Kempton: "Forty feet below, £2 million are buried." (END)

For a guide to the modern capital of the Caribbean treasureland, Havana, turn to the following page.

THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN IN HAVANA

by HORACE SUTTON

ANYONE searching the Caribbean for pirate treasure, as described by Mr. A.B.C. Whipple in the foregoing pages, is likely to pause at some point in Havana, that sunful, sinful nest of dice and daiquiris which lies, like an uninhibited suburb, a scant hour off Miami. What is handy about Havana is that all the elements, including treasure-troves, are virtually at one's elbow.

If, for example, one lives at the venerable Nacional (\$27 to \$33 for two without meals), one can get tanned around the pool or trimmed in the casino, both of which are hardly a step from the nearest elevator. The pool is surrounded by cabanas and staffed by waiters who will fetch a hamburger from a waterside rotisserie or breakfast from the kitchen. The casino is a castle of craps run by Wilbur Clark—Mr. Clark normally roosts in Las Vegas—and is staffed by croupiers who wear western string ties and may be the most successful treasure hunters on the island. It is just off the lobby. Besides a Vegas playroom, the Nacional is also equipped with a Broadway floor show and a stateside soda fountain. For those who want to be in the same neighborhood but do not feel the need of these appointments, there are places such as the newish Vedado where the daily extraction runs from \$18 to \$20 for the room without meals. Should one want to plant himself in the local *faubourg*, the Comodoro is a complete resort hotel, 15 minutes (Cuban-style driving) from downtown. It looks, in a word, like a seagoing concrete cruiser with balconies appended to every stateroom, an open-air pool and cabana eluh on the aft deck hard by the squash courts. Puffed up as it is on the midnight blue of the Gulf, hard by an ersatz sandy beach, it could hardly have chosen a better place to dock. The best natural beach is, to be sure, at Varadero, now a half hour away aboard a Cuban Visaount or a pleasant drive in Couture's drive-yourself service (\$29 for the round trip).

Just alongside the Nacional Hotel a whole new shopping center called La Rampa has sprouted, sporting a sparkling row of shops that sell perfume (slightly higher than Nassau but lower

than the U.S.), laughing crocodiles, Danish porcelain, silver and stainless steel, and a shrunken human head imported from the Amazon (\$100).

There has been, as well, an outcropping of lush boîtes in the sector, notably the 21 Club, which stays open until 6 a.m. offering hamburger steaks, Welsh rarebits and other insomnia-inducers while a piano tinkles unobtrusively in the corner. The music is a rousing cascade of violins at Monseigneur, around the corner, which follows the French idea of surrounding the diner with a phalanx of fiddlers on the theory that sauce and strings are the quintessence of good living. No less French is the Vendôme, a restaurant in a private house where the cuisine is Gallic and good, the service is Cuban and the view through the picture windows gives on a tropical arbor.

While the Vedado section is certainly the tony tourist part of town, the frenetic excitement of downtown, with its lottery salesmen, its clanging klaxons, its noisy patrons at the corner *sines*, its cacophony ricocheting under the arcaded streets has—believe me—in no way grown tranquil. There is hardly an indoor resort in the whole

latitude more inviting than La Florida, which by some enthusiasts has simply been called the best bar in the world. It calls itself variously the Cradle of the Daiquiri and, more sacrosanctly perhaps, the Cathedral of the Daiquiri. Truth to tell, nothing else tastes like a daiquiri after you've had one here, made with cold fresh limes and poured in a long stream, Fitzgerald-era soda jerk fashion. Despite the gilded panels, timeless types do inhabit the bar along with the businessmen, Hemingway and tourists. In the dining room U.S. sirloin is \$6.50, Cuban steak \$3.50, but vegetables at \$1 a dish run up the price. I would skip all that anyway in favor of the Moro crab soufflé at \$3.

Just up the block is Sloppy Joe's, which may be *ditto* but for my money serves the best sandwiches this side of Junior's in Miami Beach. Not far away, at Empedrado No. 207, is an establishment called La Bodeguita del Medio, which translates broadly into The Little Grocery Store in the Middle of the Block. It is indeed just that, but in the back, behind the tins of fish, is a small Bohemian crevice where meals are served. The décor is a pattern



"It's not that he's backward. He's just not interested in school."

of fading photographs of people you never saw before hung over peeling walls. Graffiti cover the otherwise empty wall space, fans spin in the ceiling, a fluorescent tube casts an indigo tinge over the diners, and the cook tickles a bell when dinner's ready. The food is excellent, and the check should not come to more than \$3 a person.

As for what to do between dinner and breakfast, Havana offers everything from the Blue Moon to Tropicana. The Blue Moon has a bar, bar girls, a show over the bar that would be banned in Phenix City and private movies upstairs that wouldn't pass the censor if Polly Adler were head of the Johnston office. The Tropicana, just outside town, is an outdoor nightclub roughly the size of Rhode Island, with the audience spread over several acres, lights strung in Jack-and-the-Bean-stalk palm trees, and catwalks suspended through jungle. A jumbo-size philharmonic plays for the masses of performers who inhabit the center stage, showgirls hung in the catwalks bump away in bamboo groves in the next county, and all in all the effect is sort of a three-way cross between the Folies-Bergère, the Radio City Music Hall and the Republican convention played in Todd-AO.

In case anybody should be stirring during daylight hours there are cock-fights every afternoon except Tuesday and Thursday from one p.m. to 6 p.m., 15 minutes from midtown. Fishermen, if not discouraged by *The Old Man and the Sea*, can try the same waters for white marlin (early spring), or blue (late spring), as well as the usual assortment of less weighty tropical fish. Call Charles Roca (M-3227), whose boat is berthed in the urban Almendares River. Rate: \$50 for five or six hours.

There are no bullfights, the Cubans having adopted *béhibel*. Four teams, Cienfuegos, Almendares, Habana and Marianao, make up the Cuban League, and among the dozen or more Big Leaguers playing in the rum belt are Sandy Amoros of Brooklyn, Willy Miranda and Tito Francona of Baltimore and Bobby Del Greco of St. Louis. During the game, bookies pass among the crowd shouting the odds, lady hawksters sell *chickarrones*, *rosquillos* and fat Cuban cigars. Coffee butchers stroll the aisles carrying Thermoses of rich Cuban ink which is dispensed in paper thimbles. Sitting in a box on the first base line sipping the coffee and puffing a Cuban corona is rather like watching a ball game at the end of a banquet.

END

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MONITOR

Premiere, 8-10 p.m.
Friday, January 18th
... and every 4th Friday thereafter
NBC Radio Network

SNOW PATROL

compiled by Mort Lund

SPOT TO SKI: WHITE PASS

Elevation 4,500 to 6,000 feet; average snowfall 42 feet; usual snow cover 10-20 feet; skiers last year 35,000; season Jan. 1 to April 20

Some of the best snow country in the U.S. was opened this weekend when White Pass, Washington started up the longest lift in the Northwest—a mile-long double chair which takes 12 minutes to shoot skiers from a warming lodge and cafeteria just off Highway 5 up 1,500 vertical feet to Pig Tail Peak (right). Five trails run down from Pig Tail, three of them expert (Midway Cutoff, 1 mile; Roller Coaster, 1.4 miles; Chair Lift Line, 1 mile). Cascade trail is built for intermediates but is no easy run. The beginner can ride clear to the top and take Holiday for a gentle three-mile run back. The base has an



85-acre open slope which has a fast 1/2-mile Pomalift running the length of it. White Pass usually has six inches of powder on top of a solid base through April. Tips: Nearest overnight lodgings are at Packwood, 20 miles west. Yakima (53 miles east) has a large choice of lodgings, from the penthouse rooms of the Chinook Hotel to handy motels. Rentals are available at White Pass. Area operates Wednesdays and weekends only.

SKIING COAST TO COAST

TD—top slopes, depth in inches; BD—bottom slopes, depth in inches; CR—ski crowd last weekend; SN—inches of snowfall last weekend

● FAR WEST

White Pass, Wash. Snow drought reduced usual snow level here last weekend. Fair skiing on Cascade, other poor. Newspaper ski school responded to Jan. 25, TD 35, BD 24, CR 350.

Mt. Baker, Wash. Only trail closed in chute, skiing good. Warm bases galloped parkas popular. TD 73, BD 69, CR 2,500, SN 21.

Mt. Hood, Ore. Skiing excellent on Hagar Mile last weekend. TD 56, BD 49, CR 4,500, SN 6.

Squaw Valley, Calif. Skiing best in Third Bowl after weekend snow. Best of area was fair to poor. Tram and Flying Saucer closed. TD 20 to 27, BD 12, CR 500, SN 3.

Sugar Bowl, Calif. Skiing on upper Meadows good. Donald Duck best on Disney. Fatay Now and Buck Thys made best score in Sugar Bowl team trials. TD 24-36, BD 12, CR 600, SN 1.

Marathon Mt., Calif. Parked powder over whole mountain last weekend. TD 40-48, BD 20-40, CR 2,500, SN 15.

Yosemite, Calif. Runs excellent, south slope closed. Most popular wood skis are Kramel and Kamlet. TD 15, BD 17, CR 1,500, SN 7.

Other Ski Spots: Reno, Nev.: Fremont and Bonanza opened. TD 6-14, BD 4-8, CR 30, SN 1.

Heavenly Valley, Calif. Skiing good. TD 6-12, BD 1-6, CR 50, SN 2.

Snowbird, Nev. Skiing excellent. Poma Lift closed. Poma run. TD 11-12, BD 10, CR 1,000, SN 4-5.

Stevens Pass, Wash. Excellent. TD 50-58, BD 30, CR 1,500, SN 3-4.

● WEST

Sun Valley, Idaho. Skiing good, but more bare spots showing. Lora Werner showing great promise at National Ski Association training camp. Mt. Baldy TD 24, Roundhouse 20, Delicate 15.

Santa Fe, N. Mex. Conditions good. TD 15-25, BD 12-18, CR 1,300, SN 10.

Taos, N. Mex. Skiing good on all trails. Indian dancers providing after-ski entertainment. TD 45-50, BD 15-25, CR 600, SN 14.

Alta, Utah. Skiing excellent on deep powder snow, especially good on Peruvasa Bowl, Rustler and Whitecat. Snow Cup race here Jan. 19, 20.

Brighton, Utah. New snow covered mountain. TD 53, BD 50, CR 2,100, SN 14.

Aspen, Colo. Skiing excellent on packed powder last weekend. Bell Mt. and Solberg closed for avalanche control work.

Leadville, Colo. TD 44, BD 23, CR 375, SN 10.

Other Ski Spots: Hidden Valley, Colo.: Ex-

cellent. Lower two closed. TD 35, BD 9, CR 300, SN 12.

Arapahoe Basin, Colo. Good. TD 32-42, BD 30-32, CR 1,000, SN 7.

Wilder Park, Colo. Cranner excellent. TD 21-34, BD 12, CR 2,500, SN 6-9.

● MIDWEST

Boyne Mt., Mich. All slopes good. J-bar will reopen this weekend. Bugner scarier pants in fashion. TD 12-18, BD 18-20, CR 450, SN 25.

Terry Park, S. Dak. New snow made skiing good. TD 39, BD 35, Bunsy 35, CR 750, SN 5.

Rik Mt., Wis. Hilly Rink Run. Duskey excellent. Centurion skiers making appearance here. TD 4-6, BD 4-7, CR 1,150, SN 2.

● EAST

Stowe, Vt. Mansfield good, with some ice and late snow. Sterling good to excellent last weekend. TD 30, BD 24, CR 1,200, SN 4-8.

Big Bromley, Vt. Hard pack holding its own against crowds. Bill Beck took Grrra trophy. TD 4-16, BD 4-13, CR 2,000, SN 4.

Mt. Snow, Vt. Skiing good. New South Bowl very popular. TD 15-30, BD 12-26, CR 3,600, SN 4.

Concord Mt., N.H. Cannon and Taft open. Winners in Francine place races. Joe Riasson, jump. Bill Beck, giant slalom. TD 4-25, BD 4-15, CR 1,600, SN 5.

Bolton, N.H. All trails open. Skiers wearing slickers with pattern knee socks. TD 12, BD 7, CR 3,000, SN 0.

Cranmore, N.H. Good packed powder skiing last weekend. Schneider excellent. Lodges closed. TD 7-16, BD 7-10, CR 3,500, SN 2.

Black Mt., N.H. Good to excellent. Lee Mans won annual Jackson cross country. TD 6-36, BD 4-36, CR 700, SN 4.

Superior, Me. Lower mountain good, upper lift closed. BD 6-25, TD 0-18, CR 1,500, SN 3.

Snow Ridge, N.Y. Trail skiing excellent. State race Jan. 15, 20, BD 6, CR 2,200, SN 5.

Luc Emery, Que. All towns and lifts operating. TD 25, BD 21, CR 1,000, SN 5.

Mont Tremblant, Que. Skiing excellent. TD 3-21, BD 3-16, CR 3,000, SN 6.

Other Ski Spots: Laurel Mt., Pa.: Fair. TD 4-8, BD 2-6, CR 1,200, SN 2.

Okemo, Vt. Expert trail closed. TD 12, BD 8, CR 600, SN 3.

Pico Peak, Vt. TD 6-15, BD 6-15, CR 750, SN 4.

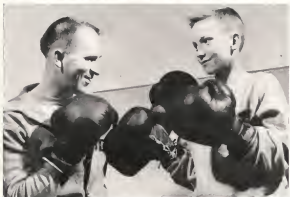
Dutch Hill, Vt. Ample base. TD 20, BD 16, CR 1,600, SN 4.

Bombardier, N.B. Excellent. TD 18, BD 18, CR 1,000, SN 2.

Good base. TD 6-14, BD 4-10, CR 1,100, SN 2.



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SILVER ANNIVERSARY: LOST AND FOUND
Sirs:

Your Silver Anniversary All-America idea (S1, Dec. 24) is a pip. I don't see how anybody, looking over that list of 35 men, could question the value of college football as a builder of men.

Jack Tibby did a splendid job on his *Men of the Quarter Century*, catching the color and spirit of 1931 very accurately. Being one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's Lost Generation, I know.

In New York on vacation in 1931 I witnessed that famous 33-33 Yale-Dartmouth tie. In 28 years of writing sports I've seen many thrilling football games. But that one still rates among the all-time tops.

WILTON GARRISON
Sports Editor
Charlotte Observer

Charlotte, N.C.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY: SHINIEST
Sirs:

Silver Anniversary All-America is the shiniest idea in football since the invention of the forward pass.

HOWARD TRALE RHETT

Indianapolis

SILVER ANNIVERSARY: TALENT SCOUT
Sirs:

Jack Tibby did a splendid service to you and to football with his penetrating yet nostalgic article on the footballers of 25 years ago. I urge you to add Mr. Tibby to your staff.

B. F. TELLER

New York

● Thanks. See masthead. ED.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY: ALLONS, ENFANTS...
Sirs:

Napoleon exhorted his troops by telling them that every corporal carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. It seems that from now on a coach should tell his boys that every bench warmer carries a Cadillac in his poncho.

BILL WHITE

Montreal

MR. CAPER**SILVER ANNIVERSARY: SPECIAL ATTRACTION**
Sirs:

Jack Tibby's *Men of the Quarter Century* is a masterpiece especially attractive to us graduates of the early 1930s.

Speaking of Ralph Dougherty of Pittsburgh, he writes, "Dougherty outcharged Notre Dame's All-America center, Tommy Yarr, that day and spilled enough ether Notre Dames on the field to be elected to their all-opponents team, win All-America mentions himself." Both Dougherty and Yarr won all kinds of mention in 1931; but Grantland Rice, usually considered official after the paving of Walker Camp, named Maynard Morrison of Michigan as All-America center.

This leads to an endorsement of the suggestion by a Hornox interviewee (S1, Dec. 3) that All-America teams should be 33-man squads.

DANIEL W. LITSCHER

Grand Rapids

BOWL GAMES: TIME FOR A CHANGE?
Sirs:

With the bowl games now history, I wish to suggest a new system for determining a national football champion. Naturally, we here in Oklahoma felt strongly that the best team in the nation had to spend New Year's Day watching television football.

Take a large representative football sportswriters' poll at the end of the season to find the four top-ranking teams. The No. 1 team would play the No. 3 team in the Sugar Bowl or Cotton Bowl on December 15. The No. 2 team would play the No. 4 team at the Orange Bowl on the same date. The winners would then meet in the puppy bowl of all, the Rose Bowl, on New Year's Day for the national championship.

JOE W. CARAWAY

Oklahoma City

BOWL GAMES: SOME OTHER ARRANGEMENTS
Sirs:

With Iowa U. winning the Rose Bowl 35-19, I think the Big Ten and Pacific Coast Conference games (started with the

1947 Rose Bowl game) shows that the Big Ten is the superior football conference.

I for one would like to see some other bowl arrangement. A plan would be to have the winner of the Big Ten play the winner of the Southwest Conference in the Cotton Bowl at Dallas. Such a series might be a good way to compare the two conferences.

F. J. MILLER

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

BOWL GAMES: ANCIENT AND HONORABLE
Sirs:

In your generally excellent set of bowl previews (S1, Dec. 24) I missed seeing something about El Paso's ancient and honorable Sun Bowl (first played in 1936). To paraphrase Daniel Webster, "It is, sir, a small bowl, but there are those who love it."

DON BUTTERFIELD

Boston

● Right. Herewith a report on the Sun Bowl game, the nation's third oldest bowl contest: When El Paso Alderman Bob Kolliner, chairman of the Sun Bowl game selection committee, chose George Washington University's Colonials to oppose the Texas Western Miners, he drew a storm of protest. The game would be lopsided in favor of the Miners, and therefore a dull one, dissidents grumbled.

Kolliner, former Minnesota line-man, is up for reelection in February and already faces strong opposition because of stringent traffic enforcement adopted by the police department at his direction. His game selection was regarded as another political millstone about his already overburdened neck.

The Miners were this year's Cinderella team in the Southwest. Starting the season light in experience and weight (without a quarterback who had ever called signals in a college game) they ended it undefeated in Border Conference play. The Miners' seat

by AJAY



© Aoy

backfield, observers thought, could easily flit around and through the big Colonial line—an opinion apparently confirmed during workouts in which the visitors huffed and puffed in the 3,600-foot altitude.

But once the game began it was soon apparent to the 13,500 spectators that the Colonial had been badly underrated. Their big line outchugged the Miners, and it was the George Washington backs who demonstrated slashing speed. Twice in the first period Washington passers missed wide-open receivers in the end zone. On the third try Quarterback Ray Looney hit End Paul Thompson with a 20-yard toss. Thompson shook off a safety man and went 40 more yards to score. In the final period two Texas Western punters set up the second George Washington score, Halfback Pete Spera diving across from the three after a 63-yard march. Texas Western's deepest penetration was to the visitors' 26-yard line. The game ended 13-0.—ED.

FM THROUGH

Sirs: Well, that does it—your Christmas Bonus Issue, I mean. You make damn sure that the American public knows what a stickball (in color yet) looks like, and you bring tears to our eyes and have nostalgia dripping out all over with your Silver Anniversary All-America.

But you completely ignore perhaps the greatest, most unselfish spectacle of sport put on in America today—the Shrine East-West game in San Francisco. I am not a Shriner or even a member of the Masonic fraternity, nor do I feel slighted because the San Francisco Bay region is bypassed, but if you profess to be the voice of sport how can you pass this up?

Without in the least belittling teams like Clemson and Colorado (who deserve their space in your magazine), can you honestly rate players on these teams with figures like Hornung of Notre Dame or Brodie of Stanford or Jon Arnett of USC, to mention only a few of the outstanding stars who performed for charity? If you could see the picture of the crippled children in our local press when visited by these fine young men, you would know that here is something that epitomizes the tops in true sportsmanship.

Undoubtedly you will have every stickball enthusiast in the country rush to your defense and overwhelm you with subscriptions to make up for the loss of mine, but me, I am just through.

ARTHUR E. WOLFF

Oakland, Calif.

● No slight intended. There is certainly no more deserving or less predictable event in sports than the East-West game. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED did not preview it because of the unique problem it presents: a collection of individuals playing together for the first time under strange coaches and conditions. There is little predictable about the game—except that it is usually a corker, as this year's score (West 7, East 6) attests.—ED.

THE PROFESSORS AND THE BIRDS

Sirs:

That was a very fine article on Alexander Wilson by Robert Cantwell (*First Artist of the Wispy Wild*, SI, Dec. 24).

Cantwell shouldn't have been so severe on the learned professors of biology. Surely no professor could possibly believe that an unshoed and self-made man could produce anything really worthwhile.

R. W. STRANDTMANN

Professor of Biology

Texas Technological College

Lubbock, Texas

THE RIGHT TO BOG

Sirs:

I was delighted to hear of your plans for those members of the Hungarian Olympic team who wish to seek refuge in the U.S. (SI, Dec. 17). Apparently even Hungarian spectators find it advisable to seek asylum.

Istvan Pavlovitz, a professor of bacteriology at Budapest Technical University, enthusiastically cheered the Hungarian soccer team who were playing against the U.S.S.R. shortly before the revolt. Professor Pavlovitz added a few catcalls for the opponents as good measure. The following day he was arrested, dismissed from his post at the university for conduct unbecoming a professor and given a short "benighted" prison term. When he was released he was told he must live within 20 miles of Budapest and that his academic career was over.

Soccer fan Pavlovitz escaped from Hungary, and his emigration to Australia via Vienna is being arranged.

GEORGE HERRICK

New York

OUR "FLICKA" FRIEND

Sirs:

Even though you so pleasantly lavished two full pages of devotion upon Sweden's gel high-jumper Gunhild Larling (SI, Dec. 17), through no fault of your own, you still did the flicka an injustice. She was not sixth but in fact fourth in the Olympics.

If you do not believe me, then ask the Australians for permission to reproduce the original score sheet and you will then see that the count-back rules were incorrectly interpreted. Britain's Thelma Hopkins was also third, not second equal.

NORMIE McWHITTER

London

● Fourth, fifth, sixth or last, we join Miss Larling's other devoted fans in thanking Track Expert McWhitter (co-editor of the authoritative English magazine *Athletic World*) for providing us with up-to-the-minute information about her. Add to it the news, reported in Swedish papers, that she turned down offers from movie talent scouts made after her picture appeared in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.—ED.

SIGN HIM UP

Sirs:

Amidst all the rather heavy bow-taking that has gone on in the last couple of issues (SI wins the world's heavyweight championship, SI wins gold medal for Hungary) comes much refreshing sports reporting. The result of your excellent literature (despite the sometimes overbearing presentation) is a pretty high-grade following. This is best illustrated by your 1971 HOLE sec-

tion. The writing here is oftentimes as good as that produced by paid contributors. The letters of Dec. 17 were great. The response by Martha Tunstall was fine, but Ron Clyne produced a gem. Agree or not, you must admire the way he says it. I'd hire that boy!

FRED F. WAGNER

Sewickley, Pa.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED admires the prose style of both Miss Tunstall (who told fellow hot-stove leaguers that Pittsburgh wouldn't trade Virdon and Friend for "the whole Dodger team") and Mr. Clyne (who objected to the inclusion of Yale on the 11 best elevens) and encourages them to continue reading with pen in hand.—ED.

NOTBOX: ADDED STARTERS

Sirs:

Jimmy Jemall's Notbox question (SI, Dec. 17) was very explicit: "What sport do you think is the best body developer?" Answers ranged from a somewhat ridiculous "football" to an obviously absurd "baseball," with occasional tangents about football's developing the morals and the mind.

Weight lifting has unfortunately signed its own popularity death warrant. It's not a spectator sport. It is plagued with eccentric people who display their bodies as some of the more sedentary athletes display their golf game or bridge prowess. The overwhelming majority of Americans naturally object to a sport which acutely reminds them of what their shoulder pads are concealing.

SANDY DALTON

Dallas

Sirs:

With each succeeding reply to Jimmy Jemall's query, I became more aggravated.

Not one mention was made of handball. Will anyone deny it is a marvelous conditioner, outstanding competitive sport? And handball can be any man's carry-over activity after school days.

ROBERT W. KENDLER

President

United States Handball Association
Chicago

Sirs:

What about cycling as a body conditioner? It is the toughest of all real sports. But Americans so much prefer to watch exhibitions and shows like wrestling and baseball that even such a great competitive event as the six-day bicycle race has had to fold. It's very simple: the sport is too strenuous and there is no room for aspiring pros.

ALVIN KAUTSKY

National City, Calif.

● Reader Kautsky's views are shared by at least one other American. President Eisenhower "expressed particular interest" in bicycle riding as a means of keeping young Americans fit, according to Press Secretary Murray Snyder. In late December the President and Vice-President Nixon conferred on plans for promoting cycling and gymnastics among youths and discussed setting up pilot programs in three cities to test response to the sports.—ED.

**JOHN HAY
WHITNEY**

America's newly appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, "Jock" Whitney, has achieved a happy balance of the responsibilities of great inherited wealth, public service and a natural inclination to active sports. Grandson of John Hay, secretary to Lincoln and Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, and of William Collins Whitney, Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland, Jock has invested his heritage with courage and imagination, providing fellowships in education and science and investments in worthy business ventures. A co-owner with his sister, Mrs. Charles S. Payson, of the famous racing Greentree Farm, he was once a six-goal man in international polo. In prep school he played baseball, football, and boxed. At Yale he stroked the junior varsity crew. His current sports are court tennis, which he plays on his own court, and golf, which he shoots in the high 70s.



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